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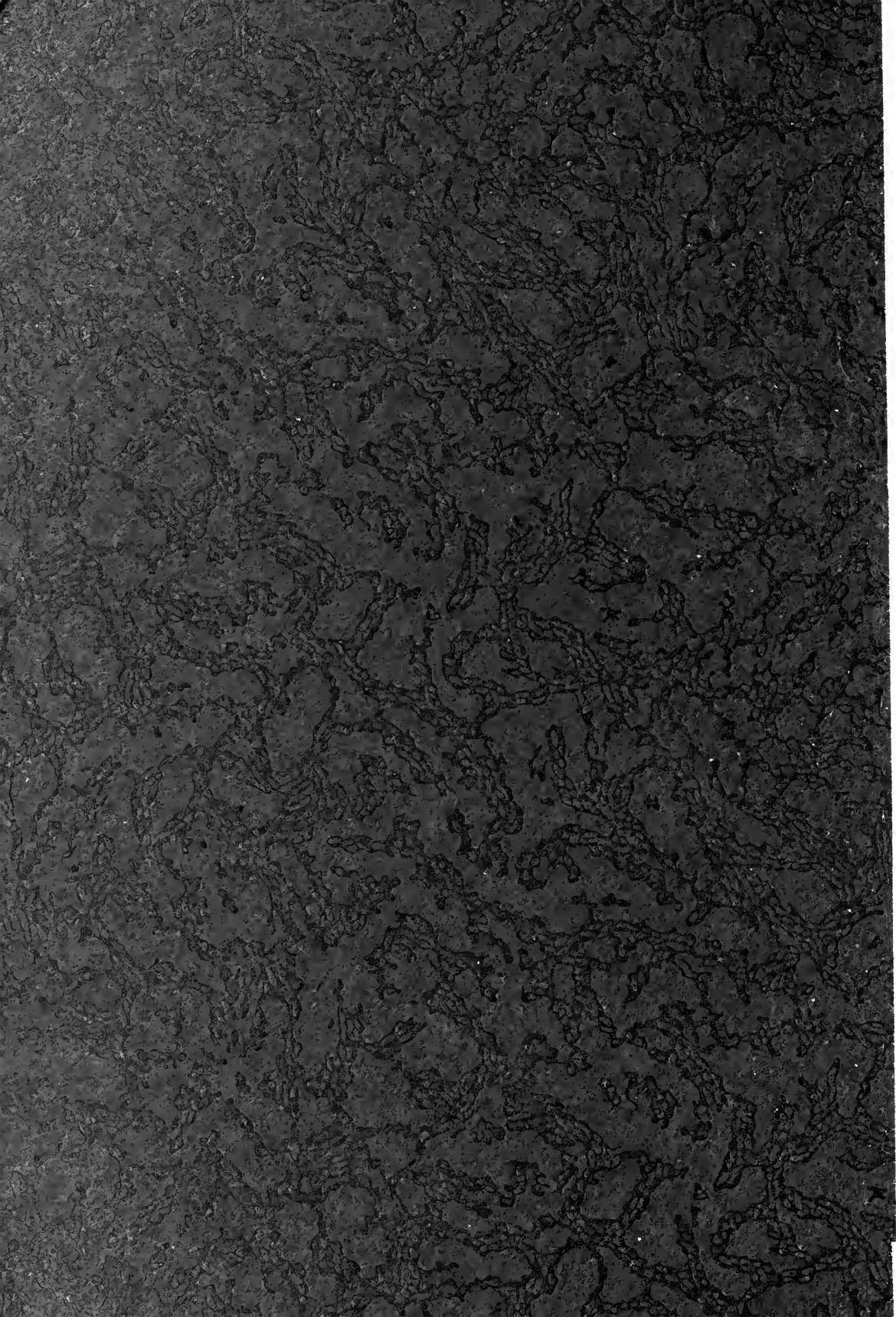
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DITSON & CO.'S STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTO.

# NORMA

COMPOSED BY BELLINI,

WITH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS,

And the Music of the Principal Airs.

MARITANA.  
 LE PROPHETE.  
 NORMA.  
 IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.  
 LUCREZIA BORGIA.  
 LA CENERENTOLA.  
 LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX.  
 DER FREYSCHUTZ.  
 LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.  
 DON PASQUALE.  
 LA FAVORITA.  
 DON GIOVANNI.  
 SEMIRAMIDE.  
 ERNANI.  
 ROBERT LE DIABLE.  
 MASANIELLO.  
 LA SONNAMRULA.  
 LA ZINGARA. (Bohemian Girl.)  
 SICILIAN VESPERS.  
 I MARTIRI. (Polito.)  
 SAFFO.  
 IL PIRATA.  
 LA DAME BLANCHE.  
 IONE.  
 L'AFRICAIN.  
 IL LOMBARDI.  
 OTHELLO.  
 DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA.  
 ZAMPA.  
 L'ETOILE DU NORD.  
 LEONORA.  
 ORPHEUS.  
 LA BELLE HELENE.  
 BARBE BLEUE. (Blue Beard.)  
 GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT.  
 FLEUR DE THE.

WALLACE.  
 MEYERBEER.  
 BELLINI.  
 ROSSINI.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 ROSSINI.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 WEBER.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 MOZART.  
 ROSSINI.  
 VERDI.  
 MEYERBEER.  
 AUBER.  
 BELLINI.  
 BALFE.  
 VERDI.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 PACINI.  
 BELLINI.  
 BOIELDIEU.  
 PETRELLA.  
 MEYERBEER.  
 VERDI.  
 ROSSINI.  
 EICHBERG.  
 HEROLD.  
 MEYERBEER.  
 MERCADANTE.  
 OFFENBACH.  
 "  
 "  
 "  
 HERVÉ.

ROSE OF CASTILE.  
 LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.  
 FIDELIO.  
 L'ELISIRE D'AMORE.  
 LES HUGUENOTS.  
 I PURITANI.  
 I CAPULETTI E MONTECCHI.  
 IL FLAUTO MAGICO.  
 IL TROVATORE.  
 RIGOLETTO.  
 WILLIAM TELL.  
 LA TRAVIATA.  
 MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.  
 FRA DIAVOLO.  
 LUISA MILLER.  
 MAFTHA.  
 IL GUIRAMENTO.  
 LA GAZZA LADRA.  
 DINORAH. (Le Pardon de Ploermel.)  
 STABAT MATER.  
 MOSES IN EGYPT.  
 THE MASKED BALL.  
 FAUST.  
 CRISPINO E LA COMARE.  
 LA JUIVE.  
 GRAND DUCHESS (of Gerolstein.)  
 GUSTAVUS III.  
 ROMEO AND JULIET.  
 DON CARLOS.  
 MARIA DI ROHAN.  
 DON BUCEFALO.  
 GENEVIEVE.  
 ANNA BOLENA.  
 CARNIVAL OF VENICE.  
 LA PERICHOLE.  
 CROWN DIAMONDS.  
 LOHENGREN.  
 GIROFLE-GIROFLA.  
 L'OPERA.

BALFE.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 BEETHOVEN.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 MEYERBEER.  
 BELLINI.  
 BELLINI.  
 MOZART.  
 VERDI.  
 VERDI.  
 ROSSINI.  
 VERDI.  
 MOZART.  
 AUBER.  
 VERDI.  
 FLOTOW.  
 MERCADANTE.  
 ROSSINI.  
 MEYERBEER.  
 ROSSINI.  
 ROSSINI.  
 VERDI.  
 GOUNOD.  
 BROS. RICCI.  
 HALE Y.  
 OFFENBACH.  
 AUBER.  
 GOUNOD.  
 VERDI.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 CAGNONI.  
 OFFENBACH.  
 DONIZETTI.  
 PETRELLA.  
 OFFE.  
 AUBER.  
 WAGNER.  
 LECOCQ'S.  
 FLOTOW.

BOSTON: GIROFLE-GIROFLA.

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### CONTENTS.

#### L'AFRICAINE. MEYERBEER.

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#### AIDA. VERDI.

Celestial Aida, Form Divine. Celeste Aida.  
Heaven Have Pity. Nimi pitié.  
O Azure Heavens. O ciel! azzurí.

#### ANNA BOLENA. DONIZETTI.

Ah, No Mortal can Imagine. Non v'ha sguardo.  
Ah, Sweet Voiced Young Troubadour. Come innocent  
giovane.  
Fly from the World. Cielo, a miei lunghi.  
Bright Youthful Dreams. Al dolce guidami.

#### BALLO IN MASCHERA. VERDI.

I Shall Behold Her Form Again. La rivedrà nell' estasi.  
From Earth to Heaven.

#### BOHEMIAN GIRL. BALFE.

I Dream't that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.  
Then You'll Remember Me.  
When the Fair Land of Poland.  
Oh, What Full Delight! Finale.

#### CRISPINO. RIOCI.

Beauteous as an Angel Fair. Bella siccome un angelo.  
My Pretty Tales and Charms. Istorie belle a leggere.

#### CROWN DIAMONDS. AUBER.

Young Pedrillo.  
Oh, Whisper what Thou Feelest.

#### DER FREISCHUTZ. WEBER.

Thro' the Forests. Per i boschi, per i prati.  
Tho' Clouds Around Yon Sun. E se la nube.

#### ERNANI. VERDI.

As Dew unto the Withered Flower. Come rugiada.  
Oh, Thou Who E'er My Soul Adores! O tu che l'alma.  
Ernani Fly with Me! Ernani involami!  
Thy Fond Image, Loved Ernani. Tutto sprezzo d'Ernani.

#### FAUST. GOUNOD.

All Hail! Salve! dimora.  
Holy Angel, in Heaven Blest. Prayer.

#### FRA DIAVOLO. AUBER.

Forever Thine. Romance.  
Oh, Hour of Joy.  
Young Agnes, Beauteous Flower.  
On Yonder Rock Reclining.

#### FILLE DU REGIMENT. DONIZETTI.

Dear France, All Hail to Thee! Salut à la France.  
Search Thro' the Wide World. Ciascun lo dice.  
Dear Friends, Farewell. Conven partir.

#### HUGUENOTS. MEYERBEER.

Fairer than Fairest Lily. Bianca al par d'un gelsomino.  
Lovely Land of Touraine. O di Turenna.

#### LOHENGREN. WAGNER.

Belleve Me, for My Champion. Quel cavalier.  
Dost Thou not Breathe. Di non l'incanta.  
On Distant Shores. Davot lontan.

#### LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. DONIZETTI.

To Earth I Bid a Last Farewell. Fra poco a me ricovero.

#### LUCREZIA BORGIA. DONIZETTI.

Holy Beauty. Com'è bello.  
Make Me no Gaudy Chaplet. Di pescatore ignobile.

#### LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX. DONIZETTI.

Come, Loved One, Smile.  
My Soul in One Unbroken Sigh.

#### MASANIELLO. AUBER.

Behold, the Morn is Breaking. Barcarolle.

#### MARITANA. WALLACE.

It Was a Knight. Romance.  
'Tis the Harp in the Air.  
Yes, Let Me Like a Soldier Fall!  
There is a Flower that Bloomet ..

#### MARTHA. FLOTOW.

Like a Dream. M'appari tutt' a-mor.

#### MIGNON. THOMAS.

Ah, Little Thought. Ah, non credea.  
I'm Fair Titania. Io son Titania.

#### MARRIAGE OF FIGARO. MOZART.

Could'st Thou, Love, Porgi amor.

#### NORMA. BELLINI.

Ah, Were My Love Requited. Ah, bello a me ritorna.  
Queen of Heaven. Casta diva.  
Both Protecting and Defending. Me protegge.

#### RIGOLETTO. VERDI.

'Mid the Fair Throng. Questa o quella.

#### ROBERTO DEVEREUX. DONIZETTI.

Like to an Angel from the Skies.

#### ROBERT LE DIABLE. MEYERBEER.

Robert, My Beloved. Roberto, o tu che adoro.  
Once Swayed a Prince. Regnava un tempo.

#### SEMIRAMIDE. ROSSINI.

My Fond Thoughts. La speranza.

#### SONNAMBULA. BELLINI.

Sounds so Joyful. Tutto è gioia.  
Ah, Don't Mingle. Ah, non giunge.  
Still so Gently O'er Me Stealing. Ah, perchè non posso.

#### STRADELLA. FLOTOW.

Over Hills, Through Valleys. Durch die thäler.  
Oh, Italy, My Native Land. Italia mein Vaterland.  
Ye Clouds, the Azure Sky. Seid meiner Wonne.  
Stradella's Prayer. O santa, o pia.

#### TANNHAUSER. WAGNER.

All Praise be Thine!

#### TRAVIATA. VERDI.

Ah, Was it He Who filled My Heart. Ah, fors'è lui.

#### TROVATORE. VERDI.

'Twas Night, and All Around. Tacea la notte.  
To Tell of Love so Glowing. Di tale amor.  
Breeze of the Night. D'amor sull' ali rosce.  
Lonely I Wander. Deserta sulla terra.  
Strike Down That Dread Pyre. Di quella pira.

#### WILLIAM TELL. ROSSINI.

Deep Shaded Forest. Se'va opaca.  
Come Loved, for Thee. Barcarolle.

**BELLINI'S**

**OPERA**

**N O R M A ,**

**CONTAINING THE**

**ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,**

**AND**

*The Music of all the Principal Airs.*

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**BOSTON:**

**OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 WASHINGTON STREET.**

**NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO.**





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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



<b>NORMA.</b> High Priestess of the Temple of Esus.	SOPRANO.
<b>ADALGISA.</b> A Virgin of the Temple.	SOPRANO.
<b>CLOTILDA.</b> Attendant on Norma.	SOPRANO.
<b>POLLIO.</b> A Roman Proconsul, holding the command of the Legions of Gaul.	TENOR.
<b>FLAVIUS.</b> His Lieutenant.	TENOR.
<b>OROVESO.</b> The Arch-Druid, father to Norma.	BASS.

Ministering Priests, Attendant Priests, and Officers of the Temple; Gallic  
Warriors; Priestesses and Virgins of the Temple of Esus;  
two children of Norma and Pollio.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN A PORTION OF THE TRANSALPINE GAUL; TIME ABOUT  
THE YEAR 50 BEFORE CHRIST.

THE LIBRETTO IS WRITTEN BY FELICE ROMANI

M307333

## A R G U M E N T .

The Romans having effected the subjugation of Gaul, committed the government of the conquered province to Pollio, a Pro-Consul, who became enamored of Norma, daughter of the Arch-Druid, (Druidism being at that time the religion of the country,) who, besides the respect awarded her from the consideration of her birth and connections, was regarded by the superstitious multitude as the unerring oracle through whom their grand deity, Irminsul, condescended to convey to his faithful votaries his divine decrees.

The Gauls, although submitting to the Roman yoke, are burning with the desire to expel the haughty strangers from their native forests, and impatiently wait for a signal from Irminsul, through the High-priestess Norma, to arise in arms against their oppressors. Norma, however, having been secretly united to Pollio, (the consequence of which union being the birth of two children,) has always repressed their anger and exhorted them to patience.

When the Drama opens, Pollio has deserted Norma, and transferred his affections to Adalgisa, a young Priestess of the Temple of Irminsul, who permits a reciprocal passion to kindle in her bosom for the faithless Roman, who, after much persuasion, succeeds in gaining her consent to abandon the Temple, and fly with him to Rome. Remorse, however, soon takes possession of her breast, and in her agony, she resolves to reveal all to Norma, who is already stung with a consciousness of slighted love. The anger of Norma is transformed into the wildest fury on learning from Adalgisa that Pollio is the seducer of her affections. At this moment Pollio enters and is bitterly reproached by Norma for his infidelity and baseness.

Pollio, insensible to her anger, tries to inveigle Adalgisa in the very presence of Norma, but Adalgisa recoils from him, and amid the reiterated expressions of Norma's wrath, the Roman retires, baffled in his base designs.

Norma then, still under the influence of rage, resolves on the destruction of her children. But on approaching the simple couch, where the little beings enjoy the sweet sleep of childhood, with dagger uplifted, and ready to strike, the full tide of maternal feeling rushes into her heart, and arrests her arm. She then resolves to sacrifice her life for the sake of her children. She sends for Adalgisa; and, entrusting the children to her care, enjoins her to take them with her to their father and be happy with him, Norma herself intending to give herself up to the law, which binds the Priestesses of the Temple of Esus to strict celibacy, under penalty of death by fire, for violation of this regulation.

Adalgisa, moved by her distress, and conscious that she herself, although unwittingly, is the cause of the sufferings of her friend, endeavors to allay her perturbation, and promises to persuade Pollio to return to her. In anticipation of her success, Norma becomes more tranquil, and indulges hopes of brighter days. This illusion is of short duration. Clotilde soon after informs her that Adalgisa has been unsuccessful, and that the Roman persists in his determination to possess her.

Upon this information Norma's fury knows no bounds. She rushes to the sacred shield, suspended at the altar, and strikes it thrice, thereby summoning Priests and warriors to the Temple, to hear the commands of Irminsul from the mouth of his High-priestess. Norma raises the cry of war against the Romans, thus throwing the burthen of revenging her private wrong upon the whole nation, and decreeing it as the bidding of the god.

At this juncture Pollio, who has made an inroad with the greatest temerity into the penetralia of the Temple, for the purpose of tearing Adalgisa from the very altar, is seized by officers of the Temple, brought before the incensed assembly, and here discovers himself in the power of the woman he has so irretrievably injured. Oroveso is preparing to plunge the sacred knife into the bosom of the victim of Irminsul, when Norma interferes, and announces her resolution to put the intruder to death herself. But her arm fails her, and the knife falls from her hand. Under the pretext of a further private examination of the culprit, in order to elicit names of accomplices, if there be any, Norma dismissed the vast audience, and remained for the last time alone with her faithless husband. Norma, whose love was still stronger than her resentment, now offered to Pollio restoration to liberty, provided he would renounce Adalgisa altogether and quit the country. But the Roman with undaunted daring preferred death, and the exasperated Priestess re-summoned her people, threatening Pollio to denounce the innocent virgin he would betray, and whom he still so madly loves, along with himself.

Pity, however, forbids her destroying the guiltless; and all her love and its fatal consequence rushing on her mind, she, taking the sacred wreath from her brow, declares herself to all as the guilty one. This noble trait brings back Pollio's love for her with renewed force. Her father and tribe implore her to contradict the fatal confession. Resolutely confiding her children to her grief-stricken parent's care, she ascends the sacrificial pile with Pollio, there to purify themselves by flame from the stain of earthly crime, and to pass together into that Immortality where their Love can never perish, and their Affection know no death.

# N O R M A .

## ATTO I.

## ACT I.

SCENA I.—*Foresta Sacra de' Druidi. In mezzo, la Quercia d' Irmisul; al piè della quale vedesi la Pietra Druidica, che serve d' Altare.—Colli in distanza sparsi di Selve.—E notte: lontani fuochi trapelano dai boschi.*

SCENE I.—*Sacred Grove of the Druids. In the centre, the Oak of Irmisul; at the foot of which is seen a Druidical Stone, serving as an Altar.—Hills in the distance, partially covered with Trees.—It is night: lights are seen among the Trees at the back.*

*Al suono di Marcia Religiosa difilano le schiere de' Galli; indi, la Processione de' Druidi; per ultimo OROVESO, coi Maggiori Sacerdoti.*

*A Religious March is heard.—Enter the Gallic Army, followed by a Procession of Druids; and, lastly, the Chief Priests, headed by OROVESO.*

Oro. Ite sul colle, o Druidi!  
Ite a spiar ne' Cieli;  
Quando il suo disco argenteo—  
La nnova luna sveli,  
Ed il primier sorriso  
Del verginal suo viso,  
Tre volte annunzi il mistico  
Bronzo sacerdotale.  
Dru. Il sacro vischio a mietero,  
Norma verrà?  
Oro. Sì, Norma.

Oro. High on yon mountain, O ministrants,  
Watch if the heav'n displayeth  
That with a peep of timid light  
The moon her beam essayeth;  
And at the first beguiling  
Of her young virgin smiling,  
Bid thrice our solemn sacred bronze  
Boom through the temple's hall.  
Cho. Doubtless to cull the mistletoe  
Norma appears?  
Oro. Aye, Norma, she appears.

### DELL' AURA PROFETICA—WITH THY PROPHETIC ORACLE. CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

*Andante Mosso.*

Dell' au-ra tua pro - fe - ti - ca, Ter - ri - bil Dio l' in - for - ma; Sensi O Ir - min - sul, le in  
With thy pro - phe - tic o - ra - cle, Ter - ri - ble God, in - form... her; E - sus a - wake! in -

spi - ra, D' o - dio al Ro - ma - ni e d' i - - ra. Sen - si che questa infran - ga - no,  
- spir - ing Hate to the Ro - man, un - tir - - ing, Cause her to break the spell of peace,

OROVESO.

Pa - ce per noi mor - tal. sif Sì, par - le - rà ter - ri - bi - le; Da ques - te quer - ce  
Chaining, en - slav - ing all, aye! Deep from within this an - cient grove, Soon may thy accents

an - ti - che; Sgom - bre fa - rà le Gal - ... Dall' a - qui - le ne - mi - che. E del suo scu - do il  
thun - der, Bidding the sons of Gal - ... To burst their bond a - sun - der: Spear then on shield re -

OROVESO and CHORUS.

suo - no, Pa - ri al fra - gor del tuo - no, Nel - la cit - tà dei Ce - sa - ri, Tre - men - do ec - cheg - ge - rà!  
- bound - ing, Harshly shall ring a sound - ing High on the Cæsar's Capi - tol; And number'd are its years!

*Tutti.* Luna, ti affretta a sorgere !  
Norma all' altar verrà.

[*Si allontanano tutti e si sperdono nella Foresta: di quando in quando si odono ancora le loro voci risuonare in lontananza.*]

SCENA II.—POLLIONE e FLAVIO.

*Escono quindi da un lato FLAVIO e POLLIONE guardinghi e ravvolti nelle lor toghe.*

*Pol.* Svanir le voci.—Dell' orrenda selva  
Libero è il varco.

*Fla.* In questa selva è morte.  
Norma tel disse.

*Pol.* Profferisti un nome  
Che il cor m' agghiaccia.

*Fla.* O ! che dì tu ?—l' amante—  
La madre de' tuoi figli !

*Pol.* A me non puoi  
Far tu rampogna, ch' io mertar non senta ;—  
Ma nel mio core è spenta  
La prima fiamma. E un Dio la spense—un Dio,  
Nemico al mio riposo. A' piè mi veggo  
L' abisso aperto, e in lui m' avvento io stesso.

*Fla.* Altra ameresti tu ?

*Pol.* Parla sommessò !  
Un' altra !—sì, Adalgisa !  
Tu la vedrai, fior d' innocenza e riso  
Di candore e di amor ! Ministra al tempio  
Di questo Dio di sangue, ella v' appare  
Come raggio di stella in Ciel turbato.

*Fla.* Misero amico ! e amato  
Sei tu del pari ?

*Pol.* Io n' ho fidanza.  
*Fla.* E l' ira,

*Pol.* Non temi tu di Norma ?  
Atroce, orrenda ;—  
Me la presenta il mio rimorso estremo.  
Un sogno—

*Fla.* Ah ! narra.  
*Pol.* In rammentarlo io tremo !

Meco all' altar di Venere,  
Era Adalgisa in Roma :  
Cinta di bende candide,—  
Sparsa di fior la chioma.

Udia d' Imene i cantici,  
Vedeo fumar gl' incensi ;  
Eran rapiti i sensi—

Di voluttade e amori

Quando fra noi terribile,  
Viene a locarsi un' ombra,  
L' ampio mantel Druidico  
Come un vapor l' ingombra.

Cede sul l' ara il folgore,  
D' un vel si copre il giorno.  
Muto si spande intorno—  
Un sepolerale orror.

Più l' adorata vergine  
Io non mi trovo accanto,  
N' odo da lunge un gemito,  
Misto de' figli al pianto,—  
Ed una voce orribile,  
Echeggia in fondo al tempio :  
"Norma così fa scempio  
Di amante traditor !"

[*Squilla il Sacro Bronzo.*]

*Fla.* O ti ?—I suoi riti a compiere,  
Norma dal tempio move.

*Voci lont.*  
Sorta è la luna, o Druidi !  
Ite, profani, altrove.

*Cho.* Moon be dissolv'd in silv'ry tears,  
Norma, thy rival nears.

[*The whole disperse, and disappear among the Trees in the Forest depths at the back. From time to time, their voices are heard in the distance.*]

SCENE II.—POLLIO and FLAVIO.

*FLAVIO and POLLIO enter cautiously, envelopea in their togas.*

*Pol.* Night's airy pulses beat with a solemn stillness ;  
Let's thro' the forest—

*Fla.* Where hideous death is latent.  
Norma forewarned thee.

*Pol.* Icy shud'rings probe me  
At her mere mention.

*Fla.* What mean these words ?  
Thy lover, the mother of thy children ?

*Pol.* Far keener arrows  
Than your reproaches sting my culprit conscience ;  
Within this burning bosom  
Love's first pale blossom some fiend hath blighted !  
Some demon, envying me the treasure :  
Who goads my footstep to deep abysses,  
Stealing the will to turn it.

*Fla.* Glow'st with another flame ?

*Pol.* Whisper it softly !

Another, aye, Adalgisa !  
Beauty's young morning blushes in holy pureness  
On her innocent cheek ; a sun of grace  
In the blood-bespatter'd temple ; she lends a radiance  
To the clouds that enshroud her ; light amid darkness.

*Fla.* Wretched apostate ! doth she then  
Requite thy madness ?

*Pol.* I dare to hope it.

*Fla.* What account

Will ye render up to Norma ?

*Pol.* Her vengeance, her angers,  
Too dread for utterance, before my sight assemble ;  
A vision—

*Fla.* Narrate it !

*Pol.* Merely rememb'ring, I tremble.

With me in Rome before the shrine  
Was Adalgisa bending ;  
Bound in her locks in hue divine  
Rivall'd were lilies blending ;  
Softly her hand she press'd in mine,  
Air breath'd with incense round us.

Sweeter delights await us—  
Thy holiest pleasures, love !

When an unearthly, awful shade,  
Fashion'd itself from nothing,  
Mists, like a Druid mantle laid,  
Around it ghastly floated.

Tempest his legion flames arrayed,  
Daylight shrank out all sickly,  
Hideous, 'mid darkness, thickly  
Sepulchred horrors move.

Vainly I sought the gentle one  
There at the altar kneeling,  
Mocking my search, a stifled moan  
On o'er the night came stealing ;  
While in a deep, mysterious tone,  
Re-echo'd thro' the temple :  
"Norma thus makes example  
Of traitors false to love."

[*The sacred Bronze is heard sounding.*]

*Fla.* Listen ; as their rite commenceth soon,  
Norma doth bend this way now.

*Chorus.* [In the distance.]

Druids, behold the rising moon ;  
Foes to our faith ; away now !

Fla. Vieno—  
Pol. Mi lascia—  
Fla. Ah! m'ascolta.  
Pol. Barbari!  
Fla. Fuggiam!  
Pol. Io vi preverro.  
Fla. Vieni!—Fuggiam! sorprendere—  
Scoprire alcun ti può.  
Pol. Traman congiure i barbari!  
Ma io li preverrò.

Fla. Hasten—  
Pol. Go, leave me.  
Fla. Hear, in mercy!  
Pol. Infidels!  
Fla. From hence!  
Pol. I their worst defy.  
Fla. Hasten from hence,  
Ere 'tis too late to fly.  
Pol. Spread thick your snares, ye infidels.  
Their worst I do defy.

ME PROTEGGE—BOTH PROTECTING. POLLIO.

*Andante. mf*

Me pro - teg - ge! me di - fen - de Un po - ter mag - gior di lo - . . .  
Both pro - tect - ing and de - fend - ing, Greater nerve than theirs in - spires.....

ro: E' il pen - sier di lel che a - do - ro E l'a - mor, è l'a - mor che m'in - flam -  
me, This all - guid - ing thought that fires me The flame is the flame with which I

mò! Di quel Dio che a me con - ten - - de— Quel - la ver - gi - ne ce -  
sigh. Of the god whose vain con - tend - - ing Fain would rob me of that

les - tel! Ar - de - rò le rie fo - res - te, L'em - pio al - ta - re, l'em - pio al -  
vir - gin, Burnt from cen - tre to the mar - gin Grove and al - tar, grove and

ta - re abbat - te - rò! L'em - pio al - ta - re ab - bat - te - rò, l'em - pio al - ta - re ab - bat - te - rò!  
al - tar low shall lie! Grove and al - tar low shall lie! Grove ana al - tar low shall lie!

[Partono rapidamente.]

[Exeunt hastily.]

SCENA III.—*Druidi dal fondo, Sacerdotesse, Guerrieri, Bardi, Eubugi, Sacrificatori.—E in mezzo, a tutti, OROVESO.*

SCENE III.—*Enter, from the back, Druids, Priestesses, Soldiers, Bards, Sacrificers, &c.—In the centre, at their head, OROVESO.*

Coro. Norma viene; le cinge la chioma  
La verbena ai misteri sacrata;  
In sua man come luna falcata  
L' aurea falce diffonde splendor.  
Ella viene, e la stella di Roma  
Sbigottita si copre d'un velo;  
Irminsul corre i campi del cielo,  
Qual cometa foriera d'orror.

Cha Norma cometh; her pale, solemn temples  
Bear the crown of the faith of our fathers;  
From the moonbeam her pure presence gathers,  
Heaven's sanctity symbol'd in light.  
Rome's red star on his proud orbit trembles;  
Dread shall shake the imperial summit,  
Esus borne 'pon the wings of a comet  
Sweep it out with the besom of night.

SCENA IV.—*NORMA in mezzo alle sue Ministre: ha sciolti i capegli—la fronte circondato di una corona di verbena—ed armata la mano di una falce d' oro. Si colloca sulla Pietra Druidica, e volge gli occhi d' intorno come ispirata.—Tutti fanno silenzio.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter NORMA, in the midst of attendant Priestesses: her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders—her forehead bound by a wreath of the mystic vervain—in her hand a golden sickle. With a solemn air she ascends the Druidical Stone, and glances around, as one inspired with prophetic power.—All maintain a deep silence.*

Nor. Sedizio se voci:  
Voci di guerra avvi chi alzar si attende?  
Presso all' ara del Dio? v' ha chi presume  
Dettar risponsi alla veggente Norma?

Nor. Lo; ye attempt seditions!  
Crying for warfare, tonguing the trump of battle  
At the shrine of your godhead, who thus presuming,  
Foresteps the mission of the prophetic Norma?

*Oro.* E di Roma affrettar il fato arcano—  
Ei non dipende da poter umano.  
E fino a quando potteri  
Ne vorrai tu? Contaminate assai  
Non fur le patrie selve e i templi aviti  
Dall' aquile latine. Omai di Brenno!  
Oziosa non può starsi la spada?

*Tutti.* Si brandisca una volta!  
*Nor.* E infranta cada!  
Infranta, s'ì se alcun di voi snudarla  
Anzi tempo pretende: ancor non sono  
Della nostra vendetta i dì maturi—  
Delle Sicambre scuri  
Sono i pili Romani ancor più forti.

*Tutti.* E che t' annunzia il Dio? Parla, in quali sorti!  
*Nor.* Io nei volumi arcani  
Leggo del Cielo, in pagine di morte  
Della superba Roma è scritto il nome:  
Ella un giorno morrà—ma non per voi!  
Morra' pei vizi suoi,  
Qual consunta morrà! L' ora aspettate—  
L' ora fatal che compia il gran decreto.  
Pace, v' intimo! e il sacro vischio io mieto.

[*Falchia il Vischio, le Sacerdotesse lo raccolgono in canestri di vimini. Norma si avvanza, e stende le braccia al Cielo.—La Luna splende in tutta la sua luce.—Tutti si prostrano.*]

*Oro.* Who deviseth for Rome deadly conclusions  
That ne'er depended on the pow'r of mortal?  
When shall her dread oppression  
Flag to its end? Contaminate and trampled,  
Should not our antique forest  
Ill suit as eyrie for her rapacious eagles?  
The blade of Brunnus yet crumbles in the rust of  
disusal.

*All.* May it fall on the foe man!  
*Nor.* Shatter'd in splinters!  
In splinters, aye, if its untimely presence  
Be your daring pretension: the ripe, rich summer  
Of our harvested vengeance bears not its fruits yet:  
Strengthen'd by Fate's protection  
Is the Roman oak lustier than Gallic iron.  
*All.* What will on yon empyrean art thou divining?  
*Nor.* In the mysterious moonbeams  
Eloquent omen: irrevocably cancell'd,  
Ras'd from th' enwombed future is Rome the mighty;  
Trodden down to the dust, but not by Gallia!  
She, poison'd by her vices,  
Dies, a scorpion, self-stung; until the moment  
Eeus hath mark'd to use his thunder power,  
Peace dwell amongst ye! to her I offer this flower.

[*Norma cuts branches of the Mistletoe, which the Priestesses receive and deposit in their consecrated baskets. She then advances, upraising her arms on high.—The Moon beaming forth in full effulgence.—All kneel reverentially.*]

## CASTA DIVA—QUEEN OF HEAVEN! NORMA.

*Andante.*



Ca - - - sta Di - - - va, ca - sta Di - va, ... che in - ar -  
Queen..... of Hea - - - ven! queen of Hea - ven! while thou art  
gen - - - ti Que - - - sta sa - - - cre, que - ste sa - cre, que - ste  
reign - - - ing, Love - - - up - on..... us, Love up - on us, Love up -  
sa - cre an - ti - che, pi - ante A noi vol - gi il bel sem -  
on us is still re - main - ing, Clad in pure - ness, a - lone dis -  
bian - te; A noi vol - gi, a noi vol - gi il bel sem - - bian - - -  
- dain - ing Gross - er Earth's nocturnal veil, In pure - ness, ... clad,.....  
- - - - - te il, Bel sem - bian - te sen - za nu - be e sen - za vell  
- - - - - a - lone dis - dain - ing Gross - er Earth's noc - tur - nal veil.

Tempra tu de' cori ardenti!  
Tempra ancor lo zelo audace!  
Spargi in terra quella pace,  
Che regnar tu fai nel Ciel.

Hallowed by thy parent presence,  
Let its holier, sweeter essence,  
Quelling ev'ry unlawful license,  
As above, so here prevail.

**Co.** Casta diva che inargenti  
 Queste sacre antiche piante,  
 A noi volgi il bel sembiante  
 Senza nube a senza vel.  
**Nor.** Fine al rito; e il sacro bosco  
 Sia disgombro dai profani;  
 Quando il Nume irato e fosco,  
 Chiegga il sangue dei Romani—  
 Dal Druïdico delubro  
 La mia voce tuonerà.  
**Tutti.** Tuoni! e alcun del popol empio  
 Non isfugga al giusto scempio!  
 E primier da noi percosso  
 Il Proconsole cadrà.  
**Nor.** Sì, cadrà, punirlo io posso.  
 (Ma punirlo il cor non sa.)

**Cho.** Queen of heaven, while thou'rt reigning  
 Love upon us is remaining,  
 Clad in pureness, and disdaining  
 Grosser earth's nocturnal veil.  
**Nor.** All is ended, be now the forest  
 Disencumber'd of aught mortal.  
 When our god-head's thirsting anger  
 Will the lifeblood of the stranger,  
 From our temple's awful portal  
 My command then thunders forth.  
**All.** May it! this cause with glory bright'ning  
 Shall in vengeance outswEEP the lightning,  
 And deliver, ere 'tis finish'd,  
 Yon Proconsul to our wrath.  
**Nor.** My wrath would see him punish'd,  
 (But to punish the soul is loth.)

AH, BELLO A ME RITORNO—THE BLOOM OF LIFE IS LYING. NORMA.

*Allegro.*

Ah! bel - lo a me ri - tor - na, Del fi - do a - mor pri - mie - ro; E con - tro il mon - do in -  
 The bloom of life is ly - ing As flow'r - ets pale when dy - ing, The ze - phyr's soft - est  
 tie - ro,.... Di - fe - sa a te sa - - rò. Ah! bel - lo a me ri - -  
 sigh - ing,.... A cold - ness.... ev - er blows; Re - store to mine.... af - -  
 tor - - na, Del rag - gi - o tuo se - - re - - no; E vi - ta nel tuo  
 - fuc - - tion One smile of love's pro - - tec - - tion, My heart in thy af -  
 se - - no— E pa - - tria, o Cie - lo - a - vrò,..... e  
 - fec - tion Its..... on - - ly sum - mer knows,..... its  
 Cie - - - - - lo a - vrò.  
 sum - - - - - mer knows.

**Tutti.** Sei lento, si sei lento  
 O giorno di vendetta;  
 Ma irato il Dio t'affretta  
 Che il Tebro condanno.  
 [Norma parte; e tutti in ordine la seguono.]

SCENA V.—Entra ADALGISA.

**Adal.** Sgombra è la sacra selva,—  
 Compiuto il rito. Sospirar non vista  
 Alfin poss'io, qui, dove a me s'offerse  
 La prima volta quel fatal Romano  
 Che mi rende rubella al tempio, al Dio.  
 Fosse l'ultima almen!—Vano desio!  
 Irresistibil forza  
 Qui mi strascina: e di quel caro aspetto  
 Il cor si pasce; e di sua cara voce  
 L'aura che spira mi repete il suono.  
 [Corre a prostrarsi, sulla Pietra d'Irminsul.]  
 Deh! proteggimi, o Dio! perduta io sono!

**Cho.** In slumb'ring preparation  
 May war's glad declaration  
 From stain'd page of creation  
 Blot out these cursed foes!  
 [Exit Norma, the rest follow in procession.]

SCENE V.—Enter ADALGISA.

**Adal.** Grove, is thy only tenant  
 Quivering moonlight? Pale and gently trembling  
 As that mute watcher, here may my bosom utter  
 A secret sighing for the fatal Roman  
 Who has render'd it rebel to worthier religion.  
 Would this sigh were the last! Empty expectation!  
 Some most resistless magic  
 Urgeth me hither and clothes his low'd remembrance  
 In brighter beauty; air echoes still his accents,  
 Seeming infected with eloquent music.  
 [She advances and throws herself prostrate on the steps of the altar.]  
 Protect me now, great power! lest I sink and am lost!

## SCENA VI.—POLLIONE, FLAVIO, e detta.

Pol. Eccoli! va! mi lascia—  
Ragion non odo. [*Flavio parte.*]

Adal. [*Veggendolo sbigottita.*] O! Pollione!  
Pol. Che veggo?

Adal. Piangevi tu?  
Pol. Pregava. Ah t' allontana—  
Pregar mi lascia!

Pol. Un Dio tu preghi atroce,  
Crudele, avverso al tuo desire e al mio!  
O, mia diletta! il Dio  
Che invocar devi è Amor!

Adal. Amor! deh! tacì!  
Ch' io più non t' oda. [*Si allontana da ui.*]

Pol. E vuoi fuggirmi? e dove  
Puggir vuoi tu ch' io non ti segua?

Adal. Al tempio!  
Ai sacri altari ch' io sposar giurai!  
Pol. Gli altari!—e il nostro amor?

Adal. Io l' obbliai!  
Pol. Va, crudele—e al Dio spietato,  
Offri in dote il sangue mio—  
Tutto, ah! tutto ei sia versato;  
Ma lasciarti non poss' io.  
Sol promessa al Dio tu fosti—  
Ma il tuo cuore a me si die.  
Ah! non sai quel che mi costi  
Perch' io mai rinnanzi a te.

Adal. E tu pure, ah! tu non sai!  
Quanto costi a me dolente!  
All' altare che oltraggiai,  
Lieta andava ed innocente!  
Il pensiero al Ciel s' ergea;  
Il mio Dio vedeva in Ciel!  
Or per me—spergiura e rea—  
Cielo e Dio ricopre un vel.

Pol. Ciel più puro, e Dei migliori,  
T' offro in Roma, ov' io mi reco.

Adal. Parti forse!  
Pol. Ai nnovi albòri. [*Corpita.*]

Adal. Parti!—ed io?  
Pol. Tu vieni meco.  
De' tuoi riti, è amor più santo:  
A lui cedi, ah! cedi a me!

Adal. Ah! non dirlo!  
Pol. Il dirò tanto, [*Più commossa.*]  
Che ascoltato io sia da te.

Adal. Deh mi lascia!  
Pol. Ah! deh cedi,  
Cedi a me!

Adal. Ah, non posso.  
Mi proteggi, o giusto ciel!  
Pol. Abbandonarmi così potresti  
Abbandonarmi così! Adalgisa!

## SCENE VI.—Enter POLLIO and FLAVIUS.

Pol. 'Tis she! hence! Unhand me  
Nor waste persuasions! [*Exit Flavio*]

Adal. Thou, thou here!  
Pol. And dew drops  
Upon thy cheek?

Adal. I worshipp'd. In mercy: leave me  
For pray'r is sacred.

Pol. A God thou prayest  
Atrocious and cruel, averse to our desirings, our pas-  
sion:  
Soul of my being! in Love alone  
Acknowledge a deity!

Adal. In love? ah, silence;  
I dare not hear you. [*Retreating*]

Pol. Vainly thou fleest;  
To Thul's remote confine, there would I follow.

Adal. Then follow  
Unto the temple whose decree I cherish.

Pol. The temple! and our affection?  
Adal. O let it perish!  
Pol. Go, unkind one, to thy dark altar  
With a worthy off'ring bear thee,  
Take my lifeblood; nor deem I'd falter.  
Pain were pleasure suffer'd near thee.  
Proof on proof my lip exhausteth,  
Fault when thine is robb'd of guile,  
Ev'ry pearly tear it costeth  
Dews in germ a blooming smile.

Adal. 'Tis not pictur'd within thy bosom  
How the lightest fault can sadden;  
Summer sooner would yield its blossom  
Than her innocence the maiden:  
Conscious of my perjurd spirit,  
Earnest pray'r its sin bewail'd;  
Heaven knew the deep demerit,  
Frown'd, and with a cloud was veil'd.

Pol. Skies undimm'd by thought of sorrow,  
Rome the mighty ever can proffer.  
Dost thou seek it? [*Anxiously.*]

Adal. Upon the morrow.  
Pol. Dost thou—and I?  
Pol. Will coldly snffer  
My return to home, still houseless,  
Exil'd from my home in thee.

Adal. O unsay it! [*Much agitated.*]  
Pol. The wave were foamless  
Did it bear ye back with me!

Adal. Hence in mercy!  
Pol. Lovely flower,  
Yield to me!

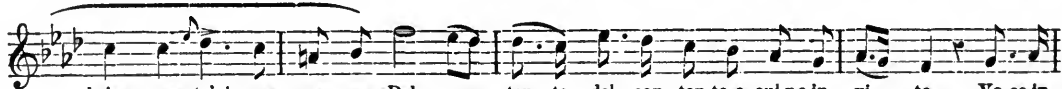
Adal. No; I dare not.  
Guide, direct me, awful pow'r!

Pol. You then abandon my soul to languish  
In hopeless longing for thee!

## VIENI IN ROMA—YES, IN ROME. DUET. ADALGISA, POLLIO.



Vi-eni in Ro-ma ah! vieni o ca - ra, Do - v'è a - mor dov'è a-morè, e gio-ja, e vi - ta: I - neb -  
Yes, in Rome, an - gel - ic vir - gin, Blithe-some blessing, blithesome blessing will en - trance you, Come and



briam nos - tr'al-me a - ga - ra Del con - ten - to, del con - ten - to a cui ne in - vi - ta... Vo-ce in  
tempt at this mine urg - ing Dreams too bright, dreams too bright for mor - tal fan - cy; Since thou



cor par - lar non sen - ti, Che pro - met - te e - ter - no ben?... Ah! da  
 art be - troth'd to Hea - ven, Here, its earth - ly fore - taste prove, With co -

fe - de a dol - ci ac - cen - ti Spo - so tuo, spo - so tuo mi stringi al sen -  
 e - qual pure - ness giv - en In the bound - less, in the bound - less bliss of love.

**Adal.** (Ciel così parlar l'ascolto  
 Sempre, o vunque, al tempio istesso  
 Con quegli occhi, con quel volto,  
 Fin sull'ara il veggo impresso:  
 Ei trionfa del mio pianto  
 Del mio duol vittoriosa ottien.  
 Ciel! mi togli al dolce incanto  
 O l'errore perdona al men.)  
**Pol.** Ah! vieni?  
**Adal.** Deh! pietà.  
**Pol.** Ah! deh vieni, ah vieni o cara.  
**Adal.** Ah! mai.  
**Pol.** Crudel, e puoi lasciarmi?  
**Adal.** Ah, per pietà mi lascia.  
**Pol.** Così, così, scordarmi,  
**Adal.** Adalgisa?  
**Adal.** Ah! mi risparmi  
 Tua pietà maggior cordoglio!  
**Pol.** Adalgisa! e vuoi lasciarmi?  
**Adal.** Nol poss'io!—Seguir ti voglio.  
**Pol.** Qui, domani, all'ora istessa,  
 Verrai tu?  
**Adal.** Ne fo promessa.  
**Pol.** Giura!  
**Adal.** Giuro!  
**Pol.** Oh! mio contento!  
**Adal.** Ti rammenta!  
**Adal.** Ah mi rammento!  
 Al mio Dio sarò spergiuira,  
 Ma fedel a te sarò!  
**Pol.** L'amor tuo mi rassicura,  
 E il tuo Dio sfidar saprò.

[Partono.]

SCENA VII.—Abitazione di Norma.

NORMA e CLOTILDE, recano per mano due piccoli Fanciulli.

**Nor.** Vanne! e li cels entrambi!—oltre l'usato  
 Io tremo d'abbracciarli.  
**Clo.** E qual ti turba  
 Strano timor, che i figli tuoi rigetti?  
**Nor.** Non so;—diversi affetti  
 Strazian quest'alma: amo in un punto, ed odio  
 I figli miei—soffro in vederli, e soffro  
 S'io non li veggo; non provato mai  
 Sento un diletto ed un dolore insieme  
 D'esser lor madre.  
**Clo.** E madre sei?  
**Nor.** Nol fossi!  
**Clo.** Qual rio contrasto!  
**Nor.** Immaginar non puoi?  
 O, mia Clotilde! richiamato al Tebro,  
 E Pollione.  
**Clo.** E teco ei parte?  
**Nor.** Ei tace  
 Il suo pensier. O! s'ei fuggir tentasse,  
 E quì lasciarmi—se obbliar potesse  
 Questi suoi figli!

**Adal.** [Aside.] Vows declar'd 'neath pallid moonbeam,  
 Robed in dread's mysterious clothing,  
 Glide as snow before the sunbeam,  
 Softly, silently to nothing:  
 As its vapors when collecting  
 From the ray cull ev'ry hue,  
 May these tears, his truth reflecting,  
 Glow a hopeful rainbow too.  
**Pol.** Art won then?  
**Adal.** Oh, forbear!  
**Pol.** Joy on joy shall there receive ye.  
**Adal.** I dare not.  
**Pol.** Is then thy faith a fiction?  
**Adal.** I do implore thee, leave me!  
**Pol.** And this, thy false affection?  
**Adal.** Adalgisa!  
**Adal.** You would betray me;  
 Such relentless love is hollow.  
**Pol.** Adalgisa, dost wish to slay me?  
**Adal.** Slay thee?—ah no!—'Tis ended: thy fate I follow  
**Pol.** At this hour to-morrow, duly  
 Meet me here.  
**Adal.** I promise truly.  
**Pol.** Swear it!  
**Adal.** Yes, love.  
**Pol.** The hour, O let not  
 It escape thee.  
**Adal.** I swear to forget not.  
 Both my God, my home forsaking,  
 Home and God are in thee now.  
**Pol.** From a life-long night thou'rt waking  
 To Aurora's brightest glow.

[Esce.]

SCENE VII.—Norma's dwelling.

Enter NORMA and CLOTILDE, leading by the hand two young children.

**Nor.** Bear them to a safe concealment. Strangely emotion'd  
 I tremble whilst embracing.  
**Clo.** Do seeds of loathing  
 Breed in thy breast this cold unus'd rejection?  
**Nor.** Not so;—two rival passions  
 Strive there for mastery; hating I love them, and  
 loving  
 Hate mine offspring; suffer when present; when  
 absent  
 Long for their presence: hath this twin so monstrous  
 Birth in my bosom of mingled shame and pleasure  
 Their mother's portion?  
**Clo.** Their mother truly?  
**Nor.** Would I were not!  
**Clo.** Heart-rending conflict!  
**Nor.** Imagination sickens,  
 Belov'd Clotilde, knowing that his Senate  
 Call for Pollio.  
**Clo.** He takes thee with him?  
**Nor.** No word,  
 No look assures me. Ah! would he think to fly me,  
 Here leave me widow'd; what, will he e'en abandon  
 These wretched children?

*Clo.* E il credi tu ?  
*Nor.* Non l' oso !  
 E troppo tormentoso—  
 Troppo orrendo un tal dubbio. *Alcun s' avvanza :*  
 Va—li cela.  
 [*Clotilde parte coi Fanciulli.—Norma li abbraccia.*]

## SCENA VIII.—ADALGISA e NORMA.

*Nor.* Adalgisa !  
*Adal.* [*Da lontano.*] (Alma, costanza !)  
*Nor.* T' inoltra—o giovinetta—  
 T' inoltra—e perchè tremi ? Udii che grave  
 A me segreto palesar tu voglia.  
*Adal.* E ver !—Ma, deh ! ti spoglia  
 Della celeste austerità, che splende  
 Negli occhi tuoi—dammi corraggio, ond' io  
 Senz' alcun velo ti palesi il core.  
 [*Si prostra.—Norma la solleva.*]  
*Nor.* M' abbraccia—e parla : che t' affligge ?  
*Adal.* [*Dopo un momento d' esitazione.*] Amore !  
 Non t' irritar !—Lunga stagione pugnai  
 Per soffocarlo—ogni mia forza ei vinse !  
 Ogni rimorso—Ah ! tu non sai pur dianzi  
 Qual giuramento io fea !—fuggir dal tempio,—  
 Tradir l' altare a cui son io legata,—  
 Abbandonar la patria !  
*Nor.* Ahi, sventurata !  
 Del tuo primier mattino,  
 Già turbato è il sereno ; e come e quando  
 Nacque tal fiamma in te ?  
*Adal.* Da un solo sguardo—  
 Da un sol sospiro, nella sacra selva,  
 A' piè dell' ara ov' io pregava il Dio.  
 Tremai, sul fabbro mio  
 Si arrestò la preghiera ; e tutta assorta  
 In quel leggiadro aspetto, un altro Cielo  
 Mirar credetti !—un altro Cielo in lui !  
*Nor.* (O rimembranza ! io fui  
 Così rapita al sol mirarlo in volto.)  
*Adal.* Ma non m' ascolti tu ?  
*Nor.* Segui—t' ascolto.  
*Adal.* Sola, furtiva, al tempio  
 Io l' aspettai sovente !  
 Ed ogni dì più fervida  
 Crebbe la fiamma ardente.  
*Nor.* [*Io stessa, anch' io*  
*Arsi così—l' incanto suo fu il mio.*]  
*Adal.* Vieni ! ei dice, concedi  
 Ch' io mi ti prostri ai piedi,  
 Lascia che l' anra io spiri,  
 De' dolci tuoi sospiri !  
 Del tuo bel crin l' anella  
 Dammi poter baciare !  
*Nor.* (O, cari accenti !  
 Così li profferia—  
 Così trovava del mio cor la via.)  
*Adal.* Dolci qual arpa armonica,  
 M' eran le sue parole ;  
 Negli occhi suoi sorridero  
 Vedea più bello un sole.  
 Io fui perduta e il sono.  
 D' uopo ho del tuo perdono !  
 Deh ! tu mi reggi e guida,—  
 Me rassicura, o sgrida,—  
 Salvami da me stessa,—  
 Salvami dal mio cor !

*Clo.* Canst deem he could ?  
*Nor.* I dare not ;  
 Such hideous dreams would establish  
 Fire-brain'd madness on the throne of reason. A  
 step advanceth :  
 Hence I conceal them !  
 [*Exit Clotilde, with children. Norma embraces them.*]

## SCENE VIII.—ADALGISA and NORMA.

*Nor.* Adalgisa !  
*Adal.* [*In the background.*] Heart, be thou steadfast !  
*Nor.* Approach me, O timid flow'ret,  
 Approach me. So pale and trembling ! I hear thou  
 seekest  
 Advice on matter of a weighty import.  
*Adal.* 'Tis true.—But from my vision  
 Shroud the celestial beam sublime, inhabiting  
 All thy presence. Like summer blossom, op'ning  
 To breathe the full fragrance meets my heart, thy sun-  
 smile.  
 [*She prostrates herself before Norma. Norma raises her.*  
*Nor.* Embrace me ; speak freely : what afflicts ye ?  
*Adal.* [*After a moment's hesitation.*] I've yielded,  
 Slave, unto love ! hopes to resist were feathers  
 Before a storm-blast ; my thousand pray'rs he heard  
 not  
 Deadly remorseless. Little thy spirit can fancy  
 What I have sworn this moment—to fly the temple—  
 Betray the shrine that owns me its affianc'd—  
 Abandon too my country !  
*Nor.* Worse than unhappy !  
 Hath life's big sorrow clouded  
 Too betimes thy young morning ? Yet, how was  
 This feeling born in so pure a breast ?  
*Adal.* Of glance scarce glanc'd,  
 Of sigh scarce sigh'd, in our sacred forest  
 Bow'd at the altar, 'mid solemn silence praying,  
 I trembled, my falt'ring accents  
 Fail'd to frame a petition ; to win my worship  
 I saw his holier presence, a brighter deity,  
 Proffering sweetly diviner heaven before me.  
*Nor.* [*Aside.*] O dear remembrance ! 'twas even thus, thus  
 o'er me  
 The virgin ray of affection's dawn did glisten.  
*Adal.* But—you do hear me not ?  
*Nor.* Speak on—I listen.  
*Adal.* Oft time, in secret, our meeting  
 Glow'd with Elysium's pleasure ;  
 Earth I had deem'd so fleeting  
 Shrin'd, O, more than a treasure !  
*Nor.* (Thus was I won to bliss—  
 The speechless bliss of loving.)  
*Adal.* "Angel," he cried, "allow me  
 Here in thy light to bow me,  
 Charm'd with the magic wreathing  
 Each little word, thy breathing  
 Robbing yon happier zephyr,  
 Yield me one tress to kiss."  
*Nor.* (O, with these luring,  
 In very self-same fashion,  
 With equal music pleaded he his passion.)  
*Adal.* Purer than seraph's sighing  
 Fell his re-utter'd vowing,  
 Brightness to sun a universe  
 In his each look was glowing.  
 Now, e'en as then, I perish ;  
 Of thy great mercy cherish,  
 Here on thy breast correct me,  
 Through this my night direct me,  
 From weaker self protect me—  
 Save me from mine own heart !

Nor. Ah! tergi il pianto:  
Te non lega eterno nodo all' ara.

Adal. Ah! ripeti, o ciel ripeti  
Si lusinghieri accenti!

Nor. Ah! sì, fa core! e abbracciami—  
Perdono e ti compiangio;  
Dai voti tuoi ti libero,  
I tuoi legami io frango.  
Al caro oggetto unita—  
Vivrai felice ancor.

Adal. Ripeti o Ciel, ripetimi!  
Si lusinghieri, accenti;  
Per te, per te s'acquetano,  
I lunghi miei tormenti,—  
Tu rendi a me la vita,  
Se non è colpa amor.

Nor. Ma di!—l' amato giovane,  
Quale fra noi si noma?

Adal. Culla ei non ebbe in Gullia:  
Roma gli è patria—

Nor. Roma!  
Ed è?—p. segue!

SCENA IX.—POLLIONE e dette.

Adal. Il mira!

Nor. Ei! Pollione!

Adal. Qual ira?

Nor. Costui, costui dicesti?  
Ben io compresi?

Adal. Ah, sì!

Pol. Misera tu!—che festi?

[Inoltrandosi ad Adalgisa.

Adal. Io!

Nor. Tremi tu e per chi? [A Pollione.

[Alcuni momenti di silenzio: Pollione è confuso, Adalgisa tremante, e Norma fremente.

O non tremare! o perfido!

No, non tremar per lei:

Essa non è colpevole

Il malfattor tu sei!

Trema per te—fellone!

Per figli tuoi, per me.

Adal. Ché ascolto?—Ah, deh parla,

Taci! t' arretri?—Ahimè!

[Si copre il volto colle mani: Norma l' afferra per un braccio, e la costringe a mirar Pollione, egli la segue.

Nor. Ah! still these tears; [be given!  
Thy tie with heaven unto affection, its earthly type,

Adal. Let thy lip repeat to me  
That hallow'd, blest consenting.

Nor. From hence each quickly passing hour  
Some fresher charm shall find thee;  
With blushing wreaths the bridal flow'r  
In love's own bond shall bind thee.  
E'en joy shall seek thy presence  
To know of new delight.

Adal. O let thy lip repeat to me  
That hallow'd, blest consenting,  
And dissipate in ecstasy  
All clouds of doubts tormenting:  
My soul of pleasure's essence  
Partakes the fullest light.

Nor. But say; thy bosom's deity  
Is he of friend or foeman?

Adal. Alien to rugged Gallia—  
Rome is his country—

Nor. Roman!  
His name? his calling?

SCENE IX.—Enter POLLIO.

Adal. Behold him!

Nor. Pollio! oh heav'n!

Adal. Thus anger'd?

Nor. 'Twas he, e'en he, thou sayest?

Adal. Ha! heard I rightly?

Pol. Ah, yes!

Pol. See'st the abyss thou treadest?

[Drawing near Adalgisa.

Adal. Not I.

Nor. Tremblest thou? And for what?

[Some moments of silence. Pollio is confused, Adalgisa trembling. Norma advances, furiously.

Shake to thy centre, perfidious one!

Thou know'st the cause is ample;

Aye, for thy felon self alone.

Well have ye need to tremble:

Shrink out of life in fear

For those thine offspring, for me!

Adal. O explain this! Pollio!

Art silent? Woe's me!

[Adalgisa covers her face with her hands: Norma seizing her by the arm compels her to look on Pollio, who stands trembling beneath Norma's gaze.

OH! DI QUAL SEI TU VITTIMA—OH, HOW HIS ART. TERZETTO.

Andante. NORMA.

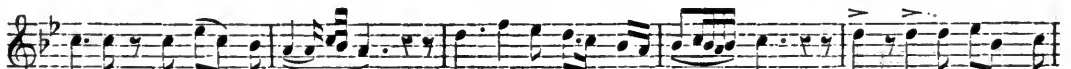


Oh! di qual sei tu vit - ti - ma  
O how his art de - ceiv - ed thee!

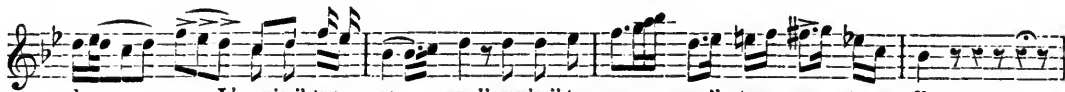
Crudo e fu- nesto in - gan - nol  
Love lured ye too con - fid - ing;



Pria che co - stui co - no - sce - re, T'era il mo - ri - re, il mo - rir men dan - no.  
Shroud - ing the lie, a spe - scious truth His double false - hood, his falsehood was hid - ing.

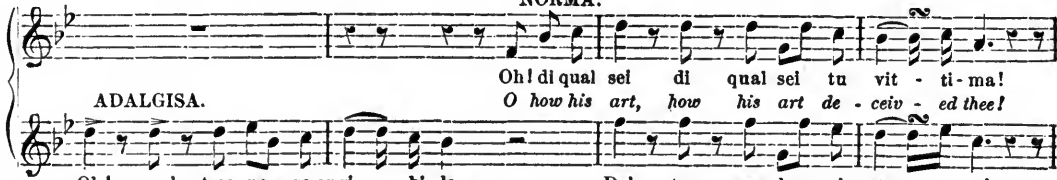


Fon - te d' e - ter - ne la - grime E - gli a te pur di - schiu - se Co - me il mio cor de -  
Is not his e - qual crime to me Worthy so fit con - clu - sion, Trampling in vile de -



- lu - - se L'empio il tuo co - re, l'empio il tuo co - re, il tuo cor tra - di.  
- lu - - sion Thy young and tender heart, Thy young and ten - der, and ten - der heart.

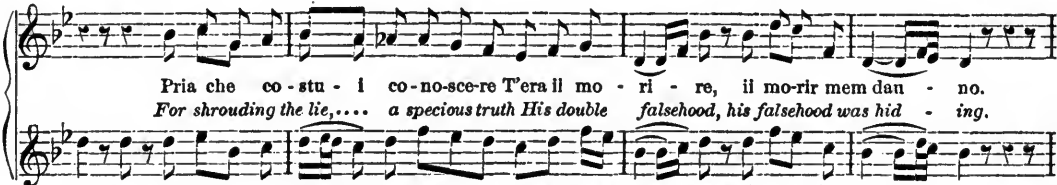
NORMA.



Oh! di qual sel di qual sel tu vit - ti - ma!  
O how his art, how his art de - ceiv - ed thee!

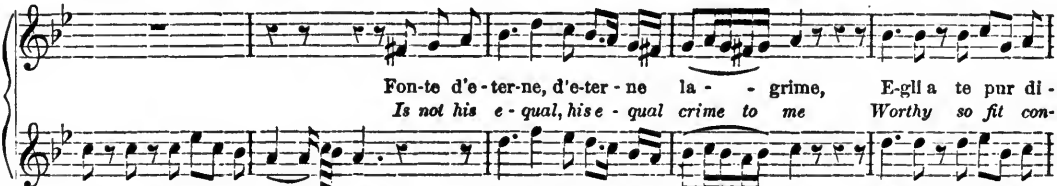
ADALGISA.

Oh! qual tras - pa - re or - ri - bi - le Dal tuo par - lar mi - ste - ro!  
Ah, what a black re - al - i - ty Through that dark hint ap - pear - eth!



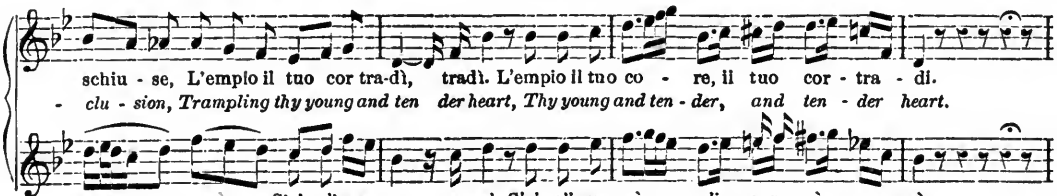
Pria che co - stu - i co - no - sce - re T'era il mo - ri - re, il mo - rir mem dan - no.  
For shrouding the lie,.... a specious truth His double falsehood, his falsehood was hid - ing.

Tre mail mio cor di chie - de - re,..... tre - ma, tre - ma d'u - di - rè il ve - ro.  
Wrung in each nerve, my tremb - ling soul,..... Qui - vers, qui - vers the while it hear - eth.



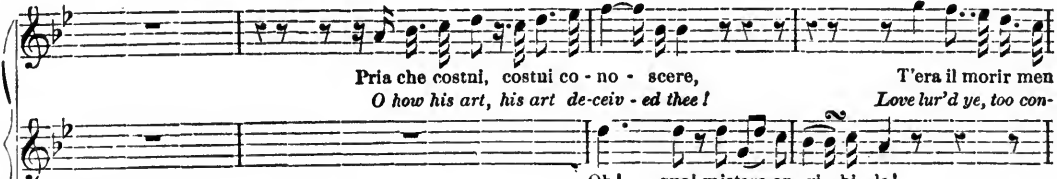
Fon - te d'e - ter - ne, d'e - ter - ne la - - grime, E - ggl a te pur di -  
Is not his e - qual, his e - qual crime to me Worthy so fit con -

Tut - ta comprendo, o mi - se - ra, Tut - ta la mia scen - tu - - ra Es - sa non ha mi -  
Yet thy in - ten - ser mi - se - ries Bid me in their cause lan - - guish, Numbing the piercing



schiu - se, L'empio il tuo cor tra - di, tradi. L'empio il tuo co - re, il tuo cor - tra - di.  
- clu - sion, Trampling thy young and ten der heart, Thy young and ten - der, and ten - der heart.

su - - ra,.... S'ei m'ingan - no co - si, S'ei m'ingan - no m'in - gan - no co - si.  
an - - guish.... My lesser woes impart, My lesser woes, my lesser woes im - part.



Pria che costui, costui co - no - scere, T'era il morir men  
O how his art, his art de - ceiv - ed thee! Love hur'd ye, too con -

POLLIO.

Oh! qual mistero or - ri - bi - le!  
Ah, what a black re - al - i - ty!

Norma! dè tuoi rim - pro - ve - ri  
Norma! on me, to me akne

Se - gno nou farmi a - des - so,  
Ut - ter thine indig - na - tion,

dan-no. Pria che co-stui co-  
*fid-ing.* *Shrouding the lie, a*

Tre - ma il mia cor di chic - de-re, Trema d'u-di - re, d'u - di-re il ve - ro.  
*Wrung in each nerve, my trem-bling soul Quivers the while .... the while it hear-eth.*

Deh! a questa af-fli-ta ver - gi-ne Sia re-spi - rar, ..... respi - rar con-ces - so.  
*Spare yon af-flict-ed in - no-cent The pang of this, ..... of this re-la-tion;*

- nos-ce-re, T'era il morir men - dan-no. Empio, e taut'  
*specious truth* *His falsehood was hid-ing.* *Wretch! so thou*

Tut - ta comprendo o mi - se - ra, Tut - ta la mia sven-tu - ra.  
*Yet thy in-ten-ser mi - se - ries* *Bid me in their cause lan - guish,*

Co - pra a quell' alma in - go-nu-a, Co - pra nostr' onte nn ve - lo..  
*So sweet the sin of lov - ing her,* *I'd vaunt my vast af - fec - tion*

o - si?  
*dar - est -*

Es - sa non ha mi - su - ra, S'el m'ingan - nò co - si, S'ei m'ingan -  
*Numb - ing the piercing an - guish* *My less - er woes impart,* *My less - er*

Giu - di-chi solo il cie - lo, Qual plu di no - i, Qual piu di  
*'Neath the deserv'd cor - rec - tion* *Of Pluto's cer - tain dart,* *Of Plu-to's*

Fonte, ah fon - te d'e - ter - ne la - gri-me L'empio  
*Is not, is ..... not his e - qual crime to me* *Worthy*

nò, m'in - gan - nò co - si. Tutta, ah tut - ta, com-prendo, o mi-se - ra, Tutta,  
*woes, my lesser woes im - part.* *Yet, ah yet, .... thy in-ten-ser mi - series* *Bid me,*

no - i di noi fal - li. Deh! quest' af - flit - ta Deh!  
*cer - tain, his cer - tain dart.* *So sweet, aye, so sweet,* *A*

Nor. Perfido!  
 Pol. Or basti!  
 Nor. Fermati!  
 Pol. Vieni!  
 Adal. Mi lascia!—scostati!  
 Pol. Tu sei di Norma sposo.  
 Qual io mi fossi obbligo:  
 L' amante tuo son io.  
 E mio destino amarti,  
 Destin costei fuggir.  
 Nor. Ebben! Lo compi—e parti.  
 Segnalo.  
 Adal. Ah! pria morir!  
 Nor. Vanne, si—mi lascia, indegno.  
 Figli obblia, promesse, e onore.  
 Maledetto dal mio sdegno

[Par allontanarsi.]  
 [Afferra Adalgisa.]  
 [Dividendosi da lui.]  
 [Reprimendo il furore.]  
 [Ad Adalgisa.]  
 [Prorompendo.]

Nor. Faithless one!  
 Pol. Be silent.  
 Nor. Wretch, away!  
 Pol. Come, then!  
 Adal. Go, leave me! set me free!  
 Pol. Thou art the spouse of Norma!  
 Fled is the past forever.  
 Leave my Elysium? Never!  
 Adamant fetters now bind us,  
 Resist not, Fate wills the tie!  
 Nor. 'Tis well! fulfil it—and leave me.  
 Follow him!  
 Adal. No! Rather would I die!  
 Nor. [To Pollio.] From my sight, and from remembrance,  
 To the hell thy deeds create thee!  
 Hatred shows a term of temprance

[Withdrawing.]  
 [Endeavoring to force Adalgisa to accompany him.]  
 [Getting free of Pollio.]  
 [Repressing her anger.]  
 [To Adalgisa]

Non godrai d' un empio amore :  
Te sull' onde, te sui venti,  
Seguirano mie furie ardenti ;  
Mia vendetta, e notte e giorno,  
Ruggirà d' intorno a te.

Pol

[Disperatamente.

Adal. Ah ! non fia, non fia ch' io costi  
Al tuo cor sì rio dolore.  
Mare e monti sian frapposti  
Fra me sempre e il traditore.  
Soffocar saprò i lamenti—  
Divorar i miei tormenti,  
Morirò perchè ritorno  
Faccia il crudo ai figli e a te.

[Supplichevole a Norma.

Coro. [Di dentro.] Norma ! all' ara ! In suon feroce

Nor. } Suon di morte !—a te s' intima.  
Adal. } [A Pollione.]

Pol. } Fuggi ! va ! quì pronta ell' è.  
Sì ! la sprezzo—sì ; ma prima  
Mi cadrà, il tuo nome al piè.

[Squillano i Sacri Bronzi del Tempio.—Norma è chiamata ai riti.—Ella respinge d' un braccio Pollione e gli accenna di uscire. Pollione si allontana furente.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—Interno dell' Abitazione di Norma.—Da una parte, un Letto Romano, coperto di pelle d' Orso.—I Figli di Norma sono addormentati.

NORMA con una lampa e un pugnale alla mano. Siede e posa la lampa sopra una tavola. E pallida, contraffatta.

Nor. Dormono entrambi ! non vedran la mano  
Che li percuote ;—non pentirti, o core,  
Vivir non ponno ; quì supplizio, e in Roma  
Obbrobrio avran (peggior supplizio assai) :  
Schiavi d' una matrigna !—Ah, no ! giammai !

[Sorge.

Muoiano !—sì. Non posso  
[Fa un passo, e si ferma.

Avvicinarmi—un gel mi prende ; e in fronte  
Mi si solleva il crin.—I figli uccido !  
Teneri, teneri figli, [Intener.  
Essi, pur dianzi delizia mia—  
Essi nel cui sorriso  
Il perdono del ciel mirar credei !  
Ed io li svenero !  
Di che son rei ?  
Di Pollione son figli :  
Ecco il delitto. Essi per me son morti—  
Muoian per lui ;  
E non sia pena che la sua somigli !  
Feriam !

By the scorn with which I hate thee !  
To the threshold of existence  
These my curses thy soul pursuing  
Shall inhabit th' eternal distance  
Of thy night beyond, in death !

Pol.

[In accents of desperation.]  
Rage for ever, and let the tempest  
Be a whisper to thy raving ;  
Still my love shall win its purpose,  
That unheeded anger braving.  
Though the gods propose this passion  
For my utter worst undoing,  
I would worship such blissful ruin  
With thy latest, latest breath.

Adal.

[To Norma.] O my failing, my guilt has cost me,  
Mortal blessing's divinest jewel.  
Had my crime its author lost ye  
Juster fate were far less cruel.  
Ne'er my bosom can dream of lightness,  
'Neath a sunbeam so robb'd of brightness,  
Art thou dark, a constant shadow  
Whelms in gloom mine earthly path !

Cho.

[From within.] Norma, seek the temple ! in tones  
appalling

Hear the voice of Esus calling !

Nor.

The sound of death !—it speaks to thee in warning.

Adal.

[To Pollio.]

Fly ! fly—hence, I implore ! prepar'd it comes.

Pol.

Ah ! I defy it, scorn it—yes ; but first  
I'll o'erthrow thy fell Deities at thy feet.

[The Sacred Bronze is heard sounding from the Temple.—Norma is summoned to the rites.—With one arm she repulses Pollio, and with the other imperatively points for him to retire, which he does, in great anger.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Interior of Norma's Dwelling.—On one side, a Roman Couch, covered with Bear-skins, on which the Children of Norma are sleeping.

Enter NORMA, with a lamp and a dagger in her hands. She seats herself, placing the lamp on a table. She is pale and distracted.

Nor. Calmly they slumber—and a blow can harse them  
In sleep eternal. Heart, be steel as the dagger  
Doom'd their destroyer. Death awaits them in Gallia ;  
In Rome, disgrace, than death far worse opprobrium ;  
Slav'ry, a second mother ; enslav'd ! ah, never !

[Rises resolutely.

They must die—yes. A nerveless step  
Withholds me. [She stops short.

[Making a step towards the couch.

My bloody purpose sticks,  
Ic'd with its own inherent dread.—What ! slay mine  
offspring !

[With tenderness.] Gems from the mine of affection,  
Are they not jewell'd here, in this bosom ?  
Brightly their smiling dimples  
Emblem congregating beams of hopeful morning ;  
Must I blot out its light !—How are they guilty ?  
Their being born to Pollio, [him,  
Amplly gives answer. Spurn'd with the hate I bear  
For him they perish ;  
Standing mine off'ring to an anger'd godhead !  
I strike—



[S' incanmina verso il Letto, alza il pugnale—essa dà un grido inorridita, i Figli si svegliano.

Ah, no! son figli miei!—miei figli!  
[Li abbraccia, e piange.  
Clotilde!

## SCENA II.—CLOTILDE e detta.

Nor. Corri! vola!  
Adalgisa a me guida.  
Clo. Ella quì presso—  
Solitaria si aggira, e prega e plora.  
Nor. Va; si emendi il mio fallo, e poi, si mora.  
[Clotilde parte.

## SCENA III.—ADALGISA e NORMA.

Adal. Me chiami, o Norma. Qual ti copre il volto  
Tristo pallor?  
Nor. Pallor di morte!  
Io tutta l'onta mia ti rivelo.  
Una preghiera sola odi, e l'adempi:  
Se pietà pur merita il presente mio duol,  
E il duol futuro—  
Adal. Tutto, tutto, io prometto.  
Nor. Il giura!  
Adal. Il giuro!  
Nor. Odi:—Purgar quest'aura, contaminata,  
Dalla mia presenza, ho risoluto.  
Nè trar, meco io posso;—quest'infelici!  
A te, gli affido!  
Adal. O, Cielo!  
A me gli affidi?  
Nor. Nel Romano campo  
Guidali a lui—che nominar non oso.  
Adal. Oh! che mai chiedi?  
Nor. Sposo  
Ti sia men crudo, io gli perdono, e moro.  
Adal. Sposo!—Ah! mai!  
Nor. Pei figli suoi t'imploro.

[She rushes to the bed, raises her hand to give the fatal blow; but uttering a piercing cry, she falls on her knees in tears beside them. They awake.

Ah no! they're my children! my children!  
[Embracing them, with tears  
Clotilde!

## SCENE II.—Enter CLOTILDE.

Nor. Hasten,  
Hither bring Adalgisa.  
Clo. Outsighing zephyr, [tune.  
And outweeping the dewdrops, she mourneth misfor-  
Fly— [Exit Clotilde.  
This crime once aton'd for, be death my portion.

## SCENE III.—ADALGISA and NORMA.

Adal. Thou call'st me, Norma. What unwonted pallor  
Dwells on thy cheek?  
Nor. Death's certain signet.  
Thy heart is stain'd with knowing my failing;  
This the last pray'r I utter, hear it and fulfill it,  
If thy breast distilleth thro' my shame's starlessnight  
The balm of pity.  
Adal. All things I promise.  
Nor. You swear it?  
Adal. I swear it.  
Nor. Listen; the breath of nature withdraws its pulses  
From my tainting presence; the pile awaits me;  
To the tomb I bear not these wretched orphans,  
Be thou their guardian!  
Adal. Ah, no!  
Still live, their mother!  
Nor. In the foe's encampment [fue re-  
Guide them before him, whose name my tongue seth.  
Adal. What do ye ask me?  
Nor. May he,  
A spouse less cruel, long cherish and adore thee.  
Adal. Husband! ah never!  
Nor. I for his children implore thee!

## DEH! CON TE—DEIGN IN INFANCY. NORMA.

Allegretto Moderato.

Deh! con te, con te, li pren-di,-- Li sos-tie-ni, li di-fen-di! Non ti  
Deign in in-fan-cy to tend them, From the snares of youth de-fend them; While thine  
chie-do onori e fa-sci! A tuol fig-li ei fian ser-ba-ti, Pre-go sol che i miei non  
own win hon-or'd Fortune With thy love their bet-ter por-tion, Be to these a bright..... sal-  
la-sci: Schiavi ab-biet-ti, ab-ban-do-na-ti, Bas-ti a te che di-spres-za-ta. Che tra-  
-va-tion From the slave's deep de-gra-da-tion, In a sa-cred re-col-lect-ion How I  
-di-ta io fui per te! A - - dal-gi-sa deh..... ti mo-va tan - - to  
pe-rish'd for thy sake: A - - dal-gi-sa, its..... af-fec-tion From my  
stra-zio del mlo cor; A - - dal-gi-sa deh ti  
part-ing spir-it take. A - - dal-gi-sa, its..... af-



mo - va tan - to stra - - - - - zio del - - - - - mio cor.  
 - fec - tion From my part - - - - - ing spir - - - it take.

**Adal.** Norma! ah Norma! ancora amata!  
 Madre ancor, sarai per me—  
 Tienti i figli. Non fia mai  
 Ch' io mi tolga a queste arene.

**Nor.** Tu giurasti.

**Adal.** Sì, giurai;  
 Ma il tuo bene—il sol tuo bene—  
 Vado al campo, ed all' ingrato.  
 Tutti io reco i tuoi lamenti:  
 La pietà che m' hai destato,  
 Parlerà sublimi accenti.  
 Spera,—spera: amor, natura,  
 Ridestarsi in lui vedrai,—  
 Del suo cor son io sicura—  
 Norma ancor vi regnerà!

**Nor.** Ch' io lo preghi? ah! no—giammai!  
 Ah no.

**Adal.** Norma, ti piega.

**Nor.** No, piu non t'odo.

**Nor.** Parti, va.

**Adal.** Ah, non giammai.

**Adal.** Norma, Norma, remain as ever  
 Still a mother to them and me:  
 Take thine offspring from hence; I never  
 Quit a spot to God devoted.

**Nor.** But thy promise—

**Adal.** By that promise  
 Be thy welfare alone promoted:  
 To the tent my mission treading,  
 I will tell thy loud lamenting,  
 And by friendship's angel pleading  
 Win his heart to blest relenting.  
 I can touch his better nature  
 With the heaven that inspires me,  
 In his breast the reigning feature,  
 Norma shall resume her sway.

**Nor.** As a suppliant such act requires me  
 To seem.

**Adal.** Suffer—permit me.

**Nor.** No, I dare not.

**Nor.** Leave me, pray.

**Adal.** Leave thee I will not.

MIRA, O NORMA—DEAREST NORMA. DUET.

*Andante.* ADALGISA.

Mi-ra, o, Nor - ma! a tuoi gi - noc - chi, Ques-ti ca - ri tuoi par - go - let - ti; Ah! pie-  
 Dearest Nor - ma! be-fore thee kneel - ing, View these dar - lings, thy precious trea - sures; Let that

tà - de di lor, ti toc-chi, Se - - - non hai, non hai, di te pie - tà. Ah! per-  
 sunbeam, a mother's feeling Break..... the night, the night around thy soul. Wouldst win

chè per - chè la mia cos - tan - za, Vuoi sce - mar..... con molli af - fet - til Più lu -  
 that soul, by this en - treat - ing Back to Earth's..... de - lu - sive plea - sures, Than the

sin - ghe ah più spe - ran - za— Pres - so a - mor - te un cor, non - - ha.  
 phan - toms far, far more fleet - ing Which..... in..... Death's deep o - cean....

NOR.

ha. Ah!..... per chè, ah..... per - chè la vuoi sce -  
 shoal? Ah,..... wouldst win that..... soul back to

ADAL.

Mi - ra que - sti ca - ri par - go - let - ti, que - sti  
 Nor - ma. view these dar - lings, thy pre - - cious treasures, view these

- mar..... ah per - chè, ah! Ah per - chè .... la mia co - stan - za Vuoi sce - mare con molli af -  
*Earth's..... de - lu - sive pleasures? Wouldst win that soul, by this en - treating Back to Earth's de - lu - sive*

ca - ri, ah li vedi, ah! Mi - ra, o, Norma, di tuoi gi - noc - chi Questi ca - ri tuoi pai - go -  
*dar - - - lings thy treasures, Dearest Nor - ma, be - fore thee kneeling, View these darlings, thy precious*

- fet - ti Più lu - sin - ghe ah più spe - ran - za Pres - - so a mor - te il cor..... non  
*pleasures, Than the phan - toms, far, far more fleeting, Than..... the phan - toms, far..... more*

- bet - ti; Ah! ple - ta - de di lor ti tocchi Se..... non hai di te..... ple  
*treasures; Let that sun - beam, a mother's feeling, Let..... that sun - beam, a mo - - ther's*

ha, no, il cor, no, non hà,..... spe - ran - za il cor non hà.  
*fleeting, more fleeting, Which in Death's..... deep o - - cean shoal.*

- tà, ah non hai ple - ta; se..... non ha..... i di te pie - tà.  
*feeling, mother's feeling, Break the night..... a - round,..... a - round thy soul.*

*Adal.* Cedi, deh! cedi!

*Nor.* Ah! lasciami!

Ei t' ama.

E già sen pente.

*Adal.* E tu?

*Adal.* Lo amai, quest' anima

Sol l' amistade or sente.

*Nor.* O giovinetta!—E vuoi?

*Adal.* Renderti i dritti tuoi;

O teco, al Cielo e agli nomini,

Giuro celarmi ognor.

*Nor.* Hai vinto, hai vinto. Abbracciami

Trovo nn' amica ancor.

*Adal.* Ah, be persuaded.

*Nor.* Deceive me not,

His passion—

Dies in repentance.

*Adal.* And thine?

*Adal.* In friendship. My love for him

Now wears a more befitting sentence.

*Nor.* Angel of Pity, this kindness—

*Adal.* Or shall restore your husband,

Or with thee seek oblivion

Far from the haunt of men.

*Nor.* Thou hast conquer'd—embrace me now;

Life is mine own again!

SI FINO AL ORE—O NEVER MORE. DUET. NORMA AND ADALGISA.

*Allegretto.* NORMA.

Sì fino all' o - re all' o - re e - stre - me, Com - pa - gna tu - a, com - pa - gna, m' a - vrai;  
*O nev - er - more, nev - er - more a - sun - der, Freedom and Joy, and Joy our ex - ample,*

ADALGISA.

Sì fino all' o - re all' o - re e - stre - me, Com - pa - gna tu - a, com - pa - gna, m' a - vrai;  
*O nev - er - more, nev - er - more a - sun - der, Freedom and Joy, and Joy our ex - ample,*

Per ri-co-vrar-ci, per ri-co-vrarci In sie-me    Ampia è la terra, è la ter-ra as-sa-i.  
 Through pain or grief, through pain or grief we wander    O-ver Cre-a-tion, Cre-a-tion so ample:

Per ri-co-vrar-ci, per ri-co-vrarci In-sie-me    Ampia è la terra, è la ter-ra as-sa-i.  
 Through pain or grief, through pain or grief we wander    O-ver Cre-a-tion, Cre-a-tion so ample:

Te-co del fa-to all' on-te, Ferma op-po-rò la fron-te, Fin-che il mio core a  
 From one source in our bo-soms Friendship has rear'd twin-blos-soms, Blooming in sun-light to

Te-co del fa-to all' on-te, Fer-ma oppor-rò la  
 From one source in our bo-sons Friendship has rear'd twin-

bat-te-ri-o Sen-ta sul tuo cor; Sen-ta, sul tuo cor-  
 -geth-er, Or droop-ing a-like in rain. Droop-ing, or ..... bloom-

fron-te, Fin-che mi bat-te il cor, sen-ta. Sul tuo cor, sul cor-  
 blossoms, Bloom-ing in sun-light or drooping in rain, Droop-ing, or bloom-

Io sen-ta sul tuo cor,..... io  
 ing in sunlight to- geth-er, Or droop- ing a-

Io sen-ta sul tuo cor,..... io  
 ing in sunlight to geth-er, Or droop- ing a-

sen-ta sul tuo cor,..... Io, sen-ta sul tuo cor.  
 -like, a-like in rain,..... Or droop-ing a-like in rain.

sen-ta sul tuo cor,..... Io, sen-ta sul tuo cor.  
 -like, a-like in rain,..... Or droop-ing a-like in rain.

[Partono.]

[Esceunt.]

SCENE IV.—Luogo solitario presso il Bosco dei Druidi, cinto di burroni e da Caverne.—In fondo un Lago, attraversato da un Ponte di Pietra.

SCENE IV.—A solitary spot near the Druids' Wood, surrounded by rocky Caverns.—In the distance is a Lake, over which is a Stone Bridge.

Guerrieri e Galli.

Enter Soldiers and Gauls.

Coro 1. Non parti?  
 Coro 2. Finora è al campo—  
 Tutto il dice: i ferri carmi,—  
 Il fragore, il suon dell' armi;  
 Delle insegne il ventilar.

Cho. of Druids. Hath he left?  
 Cho. of Warriors. That still he tarries,  
 All bear witness: the armor's rattle,  
 The battle's trumpet throat  
 Braying her alarms forth.

*Tutti.* Attendiam : un breve inciampo  
Non ci turbi,—non ci arresti.  
E in silenzio il cor s' appresti—  
La grand' opra a consumar.

SCENA V.—*OROVESO e detti*

*Oro.* Guerrieri ! a voi venirme,  
Credea fiero d' avvenir migliore :  
Il generoso ardore,  
L' ira che in sen vi bolle,  
Io credea secondar—ma il Dio nol volle.

*Coro.* Come ? E le nostro selve  
L' abborrito Proconsole non lascia ?—  
Non riede al Tebro ?

*Oro.* Un più temuto, e fiero  
Latino condottiero,  
A Pollione succede.

*Coro.* E Norma il sa ?—Di pace  
E consiglieria ancor ?

*Oro.* Invan di Norma  
La mente investigai.

*Coro.* E che far pensi ?

*Oro.* Al fato  
Piegar la fronte ;—separarci, e nullo  
Lasciar sospetto del fallito intento.

*Coro.* E finger sempre ?

*Oro.* Amara legge il sento !  
Ah ! del Tebro al giogo indegno  
Fremo io pure—e all' armi anelo ;—  
Ma nemico è sempre il Cielo ;—  
Ma consiglio è il simular :  
Divoriamo in cor lo sdegno,  
Tal che, Roma estinto il creda :  
Dì verrà, che desto, ei rieda,  
Più tremendo a divampar !

*Coro.* Sì fingiam, se il finger giovi ;  
Ma il furor in sen si covi ;—  
Guai per Roma, allor che il segno  
Dia dell' armi il sacro altar !

[Partono.]

SCENA VI.—*Tempio d' Irminsul : Ara da un lato.*

NORMA, indi CLOTILDE.

*Nor.* Ei tornerà.—Sì ! mia fidanza è posta  
In Adalgisa : ei tornerà pentito—  
Supplichevole, amante ! O ! a tal pensiero,  
Sparisce il nuvol ner.  
Che mi premea la fronte ! E il sol m' arride,  
Come del primo amor ai dì felici.

Esce CLOTILDE.

*Clo.* Clotilde !  
*Nor.* O, Norma ! nopo è d' ardir.  
*Clo.* Che dici ?  
*Nor.* Lassa !  
*Clo.* Favella !  
*Clo.* Indarno  
Parlò Adalgisa e pianse.

*Nor.* Ed io fidarma—  
Di lei dovea ? di mano uscirmi—e bella  
Del suo dolore—presentarsi all' empio ?  
Ella tramava !

*Clo.* Ella ritorna al tempio—  
Trista—dolente implora  
Di profferir suoi voti.

*Nor.* Ed egli ?  
*Clo.* Ed egli  
Rapirli giura anco all' altar del Nume !  
Troppo il fellon presume ;  
Lo previen, mia vendetta, e quì di sangue—  
Sangue Romano—scorreran torrenti !  
[Si appressa all' ara, e batte tre volte lo scudo d' Irminsul.]

*All.* Tho' hindrance wearies,  
Strength must stay for wisdom's warrant ;  
Prudent slumber dams the torrent  
Of our future fatal wrath.

SCENE V.—*Enter OROVESO.*

*Oro.* Brave warriors, I hop'd to meet ye  
With joyful earnest of better tidings ;  
My lip so ripe with counsel  
Destin'd to fan your ardor—  
Breathing soul to flame ; our God hath sealed.

*Cho.* Answer : if 'tis permitted ;  
Shall the tyrant Proconsul yet enslave us ?  
Or seek the Tiber ?

*Oro.* That iron rule were lightsour ;  
Beside the ruder bondage  
Of Pollio's new successor.

*Cho.* Doth Norma know ? and coldly  
Still ice our blood in peace ?

*Oro.* The mind of Norma  
Secretes itself in silence.

*Cho.* Then how advise us ?

*Oro.* To let not  
The wound within ye, gaping fester ;  
But nurture, till consummation finally do heal it  
What, still dissemble.

*Cho.* O hard condition ; I feel it.  
Haughty Roman ! by thy oppression ;  
Fetter'd freedom to madness driven,  
Yet obeying a prescient heaven  
Lulls her power, and stoops to feign.  
Then approve the wise concession,  
That our foe may deem she slumbers,  
'Till arising, our myriad numbers  
Cancel his usurping reign.

*Cho.* But tho' we lull it, our sleeping anger  
Breeds destruction for the stranger.  
Soon shall Rome at God's permission  
Melt as breath from off the plain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Temple of Irminsul : an altar on one side*

Enter NORMA.

*Nor.* He will return. Yes ! Confidence repositeth  
In Adalgisa. Tenderly we shall welcome  
As a suppliant this lover. O my coming heaven  
Does shame the blest hereafter  
Our minstrel-prophets picture ! a sun approaches  
That to my heart unfoldeth a living brightness.

Enter CLOTILDE.

*Clo.* Clotilde !  
*Nor.* O Norma ! look for the worst.  
*Clo.* What tidings ?  
*Nor.* Bitt' rest.  
*Clo.* Unburden—unburden.  
*Clo.* The pleadings  
Of Adalgisa were bootless.

*Nor.* Was I persuaded  
Of her persuasion to trust this rosebud [tion,  
With dew on its cheek of damask, lovelier by affliction,  
Into his power ?]

*Clo.* Back to her God she turneth,  
Lowly and weeping, imploring  
To repronounce allegiance.

*Nor.* And Pollio ?  
*Clo.* Most madly  
Essays to tear her e'en from the shrine of Esus.  
*Nor.* He, hath he such presumptions ?  
In success to his effort, thou fit libation,  
Lifeblood of Rome, gush forth now in torrents !  
[She rushes to the altar and strikes the shield thrice.]

Coro. [Di dentro.] Squilla il bronzo del Dio!

SCENA VII.—*Accorono, da varie parti, OROVESO, i Druidi, i Bardi, e le Ministre.—A poco a poco, il Tempio si riempie d' armata.—Norma si colloca sull' Altare.*

Oro. Norma, che fu? Percosso—  
Lo scudo d' Irminsul—quali alla terra,  
Decreti, intima?

Nor. Guerra!  
Strage! sterminio!

Oro. E a noi pur dianzi pace  
S' imponea pel tuo labbro?

Nor. Ed ira adesso—  
Armi, furore—e morti!  
Il cantico di guerra alzate, o forti—

Guerra, guerra! Le Galliche selve  
Quante han queree producon guerrier.  
Qual sui greggi fameliche belve,  
Sui Romani van essi a cader.

Sangue! sangue! le Galliche scuri,  
Fino al tronco bagnate ne son—  
Sovra i flutti del Liguri impuri—  
Ei gorgoglia, con funebre, suon.

Strage! strage! sterminio, voi detta!  
Gia comincia, si compie, s' affretta.  
Come biade da falci mietute,  
Son di Roma le schiere cadute,—

Tronchi i vanni, recisi gli artigii,  
Abbuttata cecco l' aquila al suoi!  
A mirar, il trionfo d' e figli,  
Viene il Dio sovra un raggio di sol.

Oro. Nè compì il rite, o Norma?  
Nè la vittima accenni?

Nor. Ella fia pronta.  
Non mai l' altar tremendo  
Di vittime mancò.—Ma qual tumulto?

SCENA VIII.—*CLOTILDE, frettolosa e detto.*

Clo. Al nostro tempio insulto—  
Fece un Romano: nella sacra chiostra  
Delle vergini alunne egli fu còlto.

Tutti. Un Romano?

Nor. (Che ascolto?  
Se mai foss' egli?)

Tutti. A noi vien tratto!  
Nor. (E desso!)

SCENA IX.—*POLLIONE, fra Soldati e detti.*

Oro. E Pollione!

Nor. (Son vindicata adesso!)

Oro. Sacrilego nemico! e chi ti spiuse  
A violar queste temute soglie?  
A sfidar l' ira d' Irminsul?

Pol. Fèrisci!  
Ma non interrogarmi.

Nor. [Svelandosi.] Io ferir deggio!  
Scestatevi!

Pol. Chi veggio?—

Nor. Norma!  
Sì, Norma!

Tutti. Il sacro ferro impugna!  
Vendica il tempio e il Dio.

Nor. [Prende il Pugnale dalle mani di Oroveso.]  
Sì, feriamo!—Ah! [Si arresta.]

Cho. [Within.] 'Tis a call to the temple.

SCENE VII.—*Enter hastily, from various sides, OROVESO, Druids, Bards, the Officiating Priestesses.—By little and little, the Temple becomes filled with armed men.—Norma takes her place on the Altar.*

Oro. and Cho. Norma, how now? Why striketh  
Thy hand von brazen shield? Tell, if permitted,  
God's mighty purport.

Nor. Warfare!  
Slaughter! destruction!

Oro. and Cho. Thy lip but lately  
Bade us to wear the yoke in mute subjection.

Nor. Those bonds that quell'd ye  
Now are they snapp'd asunder,  
Let warrior cries for battle outroar the thunder!

Nor. and Cho. Warfare! warfare! the hungry wolf glances  
Not with half of our rage on his prey;  
Thick as leaves on her oak's sturdy branches,  
Gallia numbers defenders to-day.

Blood! blood! the Gallic battle-axes gleaming,  
Shall cut them off forever—wash'd out all  
In the dark waters of the foul Liguri—  
Flowing, with funeral sound, their dirge.

Slaughter now for a like slaughter calleth,  
Vengeance crowns ev'ry blow ere it falleth;  
Sever'd, mown down as grass by the reaper,  
We from thought of existance will sweep her.

Rome is doom'd to oblivion so total,  
Rom'ry shall not e'en tell of her name.  
See! to give pious anger promotal  
Esus comes on a whirlwind of flame.

Oro. To end thy rite, O Norma,  
Still a sacrifice lacketh.

Nor. Nor will't be wanting.  
The awful shrine of Esus  
No victim ever fails.—But why this tumult?

SCENE VIII.—*Enter CLOTILDE, hastily.*

Clo. A Roman's impious braving  
Sullies our temple; in the sacred secret  
Of our virginal cloisters vigilance seiz'd him.

All. How, a Roman?

Nor. (What hear I?  
Should it be Pollio—)

All. They drag him hither.

Nor. (It is so!)

SCENE IX.—*Enter POLLIO, conducted by a troop of warriors.*

Oro. Pollio!

Nor. (Mine art thou now, O vengeance!)

Oro. Most sacrilegious despot, say, what could prompt ye  
To profane these our forbidden myst'ries;  
Thus to dare God's appalling wrath?

Pol. Quick, strike me,

Nor. [Revealing herself.] Mine be that office;  
Withdrew from him.

Pol. Whom see I?

Nor. Norma?

Cho. Aye, Norma.  
Thy blow creates the victim

A worthier off'ring.  
Nor. [Snatching the knife from Oroveso and advancing towards  
Pollio.] Yes, I strike— [She stops short.]

*Tutti.* Tu tremi !  
*Nor.* (Ah ! non poss' io !)  
*Oro.* Che fia ? perchè t' arresti ?  
*Nor.* (Poss' io sentir pietà ?)  
*Coro.* Ferisci !  
*Nor.* Io deggio  
 Interrogarlo, investigar qual sia—  
 L' insidiata, o complice ministra—  
 Che il profan persuase a fallo estremo.  
 Ite per poco.

*Oro.* } Che far pensa ?  
*Coro.* }  
*Pol.* (Io tremo !)

[*Oroveso e il Coro si ritirano.—Il Tempio rimane sgombro.*]

SCENA X.—NORMA e POLLIONE.

*Nor.* In mia man' alfin tu sei ;  
 Niun potria spezzar tuoi nodi :  
 Io lo posso !  
*Pol.* Tu !—*no!* dèi.  
*Nor.* Io lo voglio.  
*Pol.* Come ?  
*Nor.* M' odi :—

Pel tuo Dio, pei figli tuoi,  
 Giurar dèi, che d' ora in poi  
 Adalgisa fuggirai,  
 All' altar non la torrai :  
 E la vita ti perdono,  
 E non più ti rivedrò.  
 Giura !

*Pol.* No ; s' vil non sono.  
*Nor.* Giura ! giura !  
*Pol.* Ah ! pria morirò.  
*Nor.* Non sai tu, che il mio furore  
 Passa il tuo ?

*Pol.* Ch' ei piombi attendo.  
*Nor.* Non sai tu che ai figli in core  
 Questo ferro—

*Pol.* O, Dio ! che intendo ?

*Nor.* Sì, sovr' essi alzai la punta—  
 Vedi, vedi, a che son giunta !  
 Non ferii ; ma tosto—adesso,  
 Consumar poss' io l' eccesso !  
 Un' istante, e d' esser madre,  
 Mi poss' io dimenticar.

*Pol.* Ah, crudele !—In sen del padre  
 Il pugnàl tu dèi vibrar :  
 A me, il porgi.

*Nor.* A te ?  
*Pol.* Che spento  
 Cada io solo.

*Nor.* Solo ! Tutti  
 I Romani—a cento a cento—  
 Fian mietuti—fian distrutti ;  
 E Adalgisa—

*Pol.* Ahimè !  
*Nor.* Infedele

A' suoi voti !  
*Pol.* Ebben crudele !  
*Nor.* Adalgisa fia punita  
 Nelle fiamme perirà.

*Pol.* Oh, ti prendi la mia vita !  
 Ma di lei—di lei pietà !

*Nor.* Preghi alfine !—Indegno, e tardi :  
 Nel suo cor ti vò ferire !

*Cho.* Dost shudder ?  
*Nor.* [*Aside.*] Ah no, I cannot—  
*Oro. and Cho.* What dread, what fears arrest ye !  
*Nor.* (Can pity stay my hand ?)  
*Oro. and Cho.* Complete it.  
*Nor.* Methinks  
 'Twere well to question, investigating closely,  
 If lust insidions or base accomplice priestess  
 Gave this man persuasions to probe our temple.  
 Hence for a little !  
*Oro. and Cho.* What then would she ?  
*Pol.* (I tremble !)

[*Oroveso and the rest retire slowly. The temple is clear !*]

SCENE X.—NORMA and POLLIO.

*Nor.* In my grasp although I have thee,  
 Yet with kind intent I bear me :  
 And can free ye.

*Pol.* Think'st I crave thee ?  
*Nor.* I so will it.

*Pol.* But wherefore ?  
*Nor.* Hear me :

Swear by the babes that prove me woman,  
 Swear by the gods that guide the Roman,  
 Adalgisa to relinquish  
 And this heinous love extinguish ;  
 Then to Hades thy soul I damn not,  
 Nor will rob thy worthless breath.  
 Swear it !

*Pol.* No : so vile I am not.

*Nor.* Swear it ! swear it !  
*Pol.* Ah, sooner death !

*Nor.* Do ye know my grief bewild'ring  
 Passes fury ?

*Pol.* I brave its anger.

*Nor.* Do ye know, that o'er thy children  
 This my dagger—

*Pol.* Gods ! they in danger !

*Nor.* See a heart by anguish riven,  
 Thus to worse than madness driven ;  
 Though I fled them, my purpose unended,  
 Though with hate some love still blended,  
 In a moment, the being mother  
 Thought could banish, annihilate.

*Pol.* Nay, most cruel, thus let another  
 In their stead usurp the fate :  
 Give that dagger. [*Striving to snatch it from her.*]

*Nor.* To thee ?  
*Pol.* Or bury it

Here only. [*Pointing to his breast.*]

*Nor.* Alone ? Nay, all  
 Born of Rome, by myriad  
 In extermination fall then !  
 And Adalgisa—

*Pol.* Alas !  
*Nor.* The betrayer

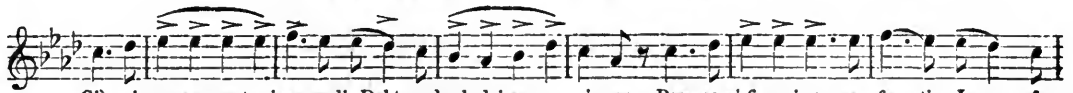
Of Esus—  
*Pol.* O heav'n ! wilt slay her ?

*Nor.* Our unswerving law must punish  
 By the purging death of flame.

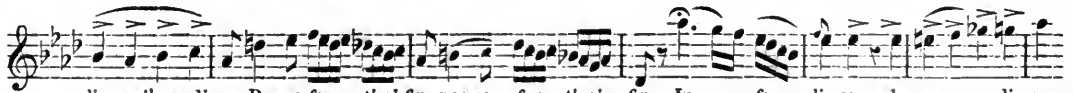
*Pol.* [*Throwing himself in desperation on his knees before her.*]  
 Here thy fullest anger finish ;  
 Turn from her, from her its aim !

*Nor.* Craven suppliant, at praying ye're tardy ;  
 Through that heart I best can wound thee.

GIA MI PASCO—LUST OF VENGEANCE.

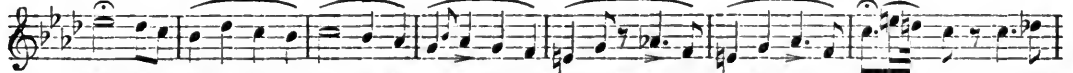


Gia mi pa-sco ne tuoi sguardi, Del tuo duol. del suo mo-ri-re; Pos-so al-fi-ne. io pos-so far-ti In-fe-  
*Lust of vengeance makes me hardy, With her writhing throes to sound thee; Rage exhausts her art to fashion Pangs for*

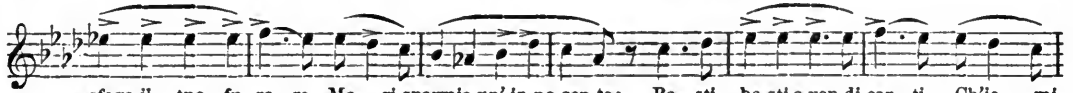


li-ce, al' par di me. Pos-so far-ti al-fin, pos-so far-ti al-fin, In-fe-li-ce al par-di me.  
*thee, alike to mine. Rage exhausts her art, to fash-ion pangs, Pangs for thee, yes, a-like.... to thine.*

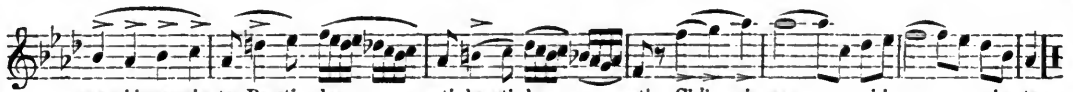
POLLIO.



Ah! t'ap-paghi il mio ter-ro-re, Al tuo piè son'io pian-gente, Al tuo piè son'io pian-gen-te... in me  
*Be appeas'd with wild despairing In one by woes o'er-laden, In a wretch by woes o'er-la-den, Of his*



sfoga il tuo fu-ro-re, Ma ri-sparmia un'in-no-cen-te: Ba-sti, ba-sti a ven-di-car-ti, Ch'io mi  
*doom no anguish sparing Do not harm a guileless maiden: Bursting thro' this spell of Passion, Me its*



sve-ni innanzi a-te, Ba-sti, ba-sti, ba-sti, ba-sti, Ch'io mi sve-ni in-nan-zi a te.  
*cause to death consign, Bursting, burst-ing through Pas-sion, Me its cause to death consign.*

Dammi quel ferro.

Nor. Che osi ?

Scostati.

Pol. Il ferro ! il ferro !

Nor. Olà ! ministri,

Sacerdoti, accorrete !

SCENA ULTIMA.—*Ritornano OROVESO, i Druidi, i Bardi, e i Guerrieri.*

Nor. All ira vostra

Nuova vittima io svelo : una spergiuara

Sacerdotessa, i sacri voti infranse—

Tradi la patria—il Dio degli avi offese.

Tutti. O, delitto ! O, furor ! la fa palese.

Nor. Sì, preparate il rogo !

Pol. (O ! ancor ti prego,

Norma, pietà !)

Tutti. La svela il nome !

Nor. (Io, rea,

L' innocente accasar del fallo mio !)

Tutti. Parla—chi è dessa ?

Pol. (Ah, non lo dir !)

Nor. Son io !

Oro. Tu, Norma ?

Nor. Io, stessa ! Il rogo ergete.

Tutti. D' orrore io gelo !

Pol. (Mi manca il cor .)

Tutti. Tu delinquente !

Pol. Non le credete !

Nor. Norma non mente.

Oro. O ! mio rossor !

Give then the dagger.

Nor. Wouldst foil me ?

Hence—away !

Pol. The dagger—the dagger !

Nor. [In a transport of fury.] What ho !

Ministrants of our temple, attend ye !

SCENE THE LAST.—*Re-enter OROVESO, Druids, Bards and Warriors.*

Nor. Meet for your judgment

I submit a new victim : a perjurd virgin

Of our high priesthood doth infamies amongst ye,

Insults her country, and braves the wrath of Esus.

Cho. Hideous outrage ! monstrous crime ! at once declare her.

Nor. Aye ; let the pile be fashion'd.

Pol. (O I do pray thee—

Norma be just—)

Cho. Reveal her.

Nor. (I, guilty,

My iniquity pass upon another !)

Cho. Speak then, and name her.

Pol. (Ah, name her not.)

Nor. 'Tis Norma !

Oro. Thou, Norma ?

Nor. None other ; the pile prepare ye.

Oro. and Cho. We're pale with horror !

Pol. My heart fails me.

All. Thyself delinquent ?

Pol. Give her no credence.

Nor. Norma hath said it

Oro. and Cho. Oh, terrible truth !

## QUAL COR TRADESTI—THE DEEP AFFECTION. Duet.

Andante. NORMA.

Qual cor tra - di - sti    Qual cor per - de - sti,    Quest o - ra or - ren - da    Ti ma - ni -  
*The deep af - fec - tion    Too ill re - quit - ed,    The burn - ing pas - sion    So foul - ly*

- fe - - - sti.    Da me fug - gi - re    Ten - ta - sti in va - no,    Cru - del Ro -  
*stight - - - ed,    Yet seek to teach thee.    False - hearted    Ro - man    The faith of*

- ma - no....    Tu sei con - me.    Un nume, un fa - to    Di te più  
*wo - man    Be - yond the grave.    E - ter - nal    a - ges    Shall o'er us*

for - te,    Ci vuole u - ni - te    In vita e in - mor - te.    Sul rogo i -  
*gath - er,    Ex - pire, and find us    Still link'd to - geth - er:    The heart that*

- stes - so    Che mi di - vo - ra,    Sot - ter - ra an - co - ra....    Sa - ro con -  
*won me    In love to lan - guish,    Death's less - er an - guish    With me must*

POLLIO.

te.    Ah! troppo tar - di    T'ho co - no - sciu - ta..    Sub - li me don - na  
*brave.    My soul so tar - dy    Knew not to love thee,    Sub - lim - est an - gel,*

NORMA.

Qual cor qual cor tra - di - sti    Qual co - ro    qual  
*The deep, the deep af - fec - tion    I teach thee    Be -*

Io t'ho per du - ta,..    Col mio ri - mor - so    E amor ri - na - to,    Più di - spe -  
*Too late I prove thee;    Remorse hath prob'd me,    Where truth was sleep - ing,    Its pur - est*

cor.....    qual    cor.  
*- yond .....    the    grave.*

- ra - to....    Fu - rente e - gli è.    Moriamo in sie - me,    Ah si, mo -  
*weep - ing    Thy hand doth lave.    To our great fail - ing    The purg - ing*



Quest' ora or - ren - da.  
The burn - ing pas - sion—

ria - - - - mo, L'estreno ac - cen - to Sa - rà ch'io t'a - mo Ma tu mo -  
giv - - - - en, Shall con - se - crate us For af - ter Hea - ven: Death-terrors

ren - do, Non m'abbor - ri - re, Pria di mo - ri - re Perdo - no a me.  
van - ish When thou canst bear them, With thee to share them Is all I crave.

**Oro.** } O, in te ritorna, ci rassicura!  
**Coro.** } Canuto padre te ne scongiura:  
Dì che doliri—dì che tu menti—  
Che stolti accenti uscir da te.  
Il Dio severo, che qui t' intende,  
Se stassi muto, se il tuon sospende,  
Indizio è questo—indizio espresso  
Che tanto eccesso: punir non de'  
**Oro.** Norma! deh, Norma! scolpati!  
Taci! ne ascolti appena?  
**Nor.** Cielo e i miei figli!  
**Pol.** [Scuotendosi con un grido.] Ah! miseri!  
**Nor.** I nostri figli! [Volgendosi a Pollione.  
**Pol.** O pena!  
**Coro.** Norma, sei rea?  
**Nor.** [Disperatamente.] Sì, rea!  
Oltre ogni umana idea!  
**Oro.** } Empia!  
**Coro.** }  
**Nor.** Tu m'odi!  
**Oro.** Scostati!  
**Nor.** Deh m'odi.  
**Oro.** O, mio dolor!  
**Nor.** Son madre!  
**Oro.** Madre!  
**Nor.** Acquetati!  
Clotilde ha i figli miei:  
Tu li raccogli—e ai barbari  
L' invola—insieme con lei  
**Oro.** Giammai! giammai! Va, lasciami!  
**Nor.** Ah, padre! un priego ancor!  
[S' inginoc.  
Deh! non volerli vittime  
Del mio fatale errore!  
Deh! non troncar sul fiore,  
Quell' innocente età!  
Pensa che son tuo sangue:  
Del sangue tuo pietà!  
Padre, tu piangi!  
**Oro.** Oppresso è il core.  
**Nor.** Piangi, e perdona!  
**Oro.** Ha vinto amore!  
**Nor.** Ah! tu perdoni!—quel pianto il dice.  
**Pol.** } Io più non chiedo—  
**Nor.** } Contento il rogo, ascenderò.  
**Oro.** Ah, consolarmene! Mai non potrò.

**Chorus.** To spurn delusion that sadly lures ye,  
A hoary parent by tears conjures ye.  
Some vile delirium now works thy ruin,  
From worst undoing its victim saved.  
Dost think our Deity if thus offended  
Could hold his thunders so long suspended?  
Were aught but madness in this relation,  
Annihilation would whelm the slave.  
**Oro.** Norma! ah! Norma, rouse thyself!  
Silent? Still mute dost languish?  
**Nor.** Heavens, and my offspring!  
**Pol.** O misery! O anguish!  
**Nor.** [Aside to Pollio.] Our wretched children!  
**Pol.** O anguish!  
**Cho.** Norma, art guilty? tell us.  
**Nor.** [Approaching Oroveso with faltering steps.] Aye; past  
hope of all redemption.  
**All.** Impious!  
**Nor.** [To Oroveso.] Thou, hear me!  
**Oro.** [Repulsing her.] Hence! away!  
**Nor.** [Clinging to him.] Deign to hear me.  
**Oro.** [Turning aside.] Keen is my woe.  
**Nor.** [In a whisper.] I am mother.  
**Oro.** Mother!!  
**Nor.** Be calm awhile.  
Clotilde with sweet affection  
Watches my children; protect them both  
From our barbarian foe.  
**Oro.** No, never, hence—quit my sight.  
**Nor.** Ah father, afford me this one relief.  
[Kneeling to Oroveso.  
Foster the harmless innocents  
Nurs'd in mine erring bosom.  
Blight not their tender blossom;  
Quench not their little light;  
Thy blood gives them existence,  
Offer them all assistance—  
May they find grace within thy sight.  
Father, thou weapest!  
**Oro.** My heart is broken—  
**Nor.** Weep then and pardon.  
**Oro.** And Love prevails, oh heav'n!  
**Nor.** That thou canst pardon that tear expresseth;  
Its silent eloquence now doubly blesseth.  
**Pol.** } I wish no further.  
**Nor.** } To mount the pile were a blissful task.  
**Oro.** One last embrace is all I dare to ask.

*Coro.* Piange, prega, che mai spera!  
 Quì respinta è la preghiera.  
 Le si spogli il crin del  
 Sia coperto, di squallor!

[*I Druidi coprono d' un Velo nella Sacerdotessa.*

Vanne al rogo! Ed il tuo scempio  
 Purghi l' ara, e lavi, il tempio.  
 Maledetta all' ultim' ora!  
 Maledetta estinta ancor!

*Oro.* Va, infelice!

*Nor.* [*Incaminandosi.*] Padre, addio!

*Pol.* Il tuo rogo, o Norma! è il mio.

*Nor.* } Là più puro, là più santo,

*Pol.* } incomincia eterno amor!

*Oro.* Sgorga alfin—prorompi, o pianto!  
 Sei permesso a un genitor.

*Cho.* Weepings, prayings now most fail thee,  
 Earthly hopes no more avail thee;  
 When to death this shroud devoteth,  
 It denoteth endless blight.

[*The Priest throws a black veil over the priestess.*

To destruction! may thy example  
 Purge our altar and cleanse the temple.  
 Hence to deep eternal night!

*Oro.* Go, thou lost one.

*Nor.* [*Starting forward and bestowing one last long embrace on  
 Croveso.*] Dearest father!

*Pol.* [*Receiving her in his arms.*]

Norma, let thy pyre receive me.

*Nor.* } There more pure, more bless'd above,

*Pol.* } Shall commence eternal love!

*Oro.* Gush out, gush out at last—break forth, oh tears!  
 Nature permits thee to a suffering father!

THE END.

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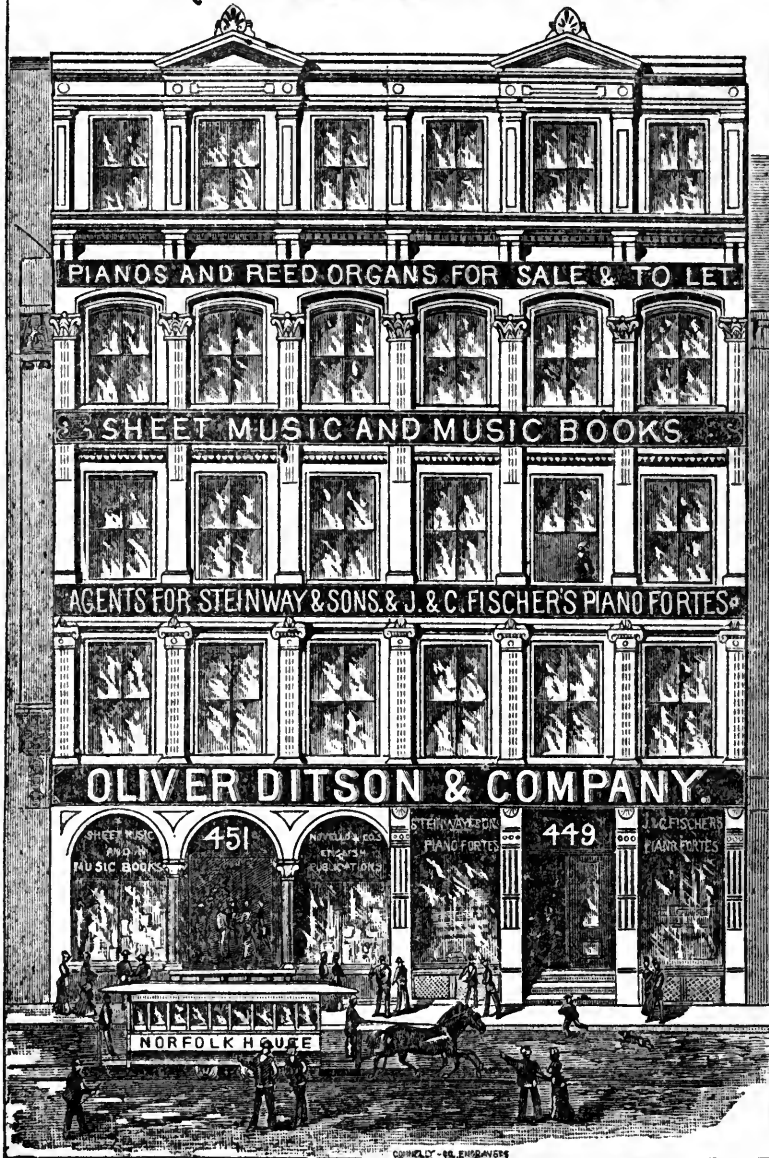
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Fusileer's march.....	Wiegand	Shepherd's love song. Idylle.....	Wagner
Golden Youth galop.....	Osborne	Solfaterre waltzes.....	Wyman
God bless our home Transcription.....	Allen	Sparkling jewels polka.....	Christie
Gondoller's serenade.....	Morgan	Stradella. Selections.....	Pucher
Gypsy dance.....	Morgan	Toujours à toi! Polka mazurka.....	Wagner
Happy New Year. March.....	Watson	Twilight Hour mazurka.....	Kinkel
Harpe Angelique. Morceau.....	Kinkel	Twinkling star. Morceau.....	Wilson
Highland maiden. Morceau.....	Wilson	Venetian regatta.....	Wagner
I have lost my Eurydice.....	Dressler	Violetta polka mazurka.....	Maylath
Jennie, the Flower of Kildare.....	Kinkel	Yellow Rose waltzes.....	Wyman



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